

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Single copies 5 cents.

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No. 3.

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ARLINGTON ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

On Wednesday of this week the Middlesex Sunday School Conference of the Universalist denomination held its quarterly session with the church here, opening with a service at 3 o'clock. The schools represented were those connected with the three Cambridge and two Somerville churches; also, those of Medford, Melrose, Malden, Wakefield and Saugus. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were received and placed on file; then a committee to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year was announced. These preliminaries cleared the way for the topic of the meeting and the President, J. S. Cutler, of Melrose, in a brief opening address, introduced Rev. J. H. Ward, an Episcopal clergyman on the editorial staff of the Boston Herald, to discuss "Church Unity."

He said as Christianity begins with Christ, its ministry must have a divine appointment; they must come along the line of "apostolic succession." He was using personal and official influence to bring about a practical Christian unity to work for mankind, and spoke of many ways in which practical unity was now possible. His suggestion was that in the near future the "Established church" ordain the ministers of all denominations. He was followed by Rev. B. D. Walkley, of Brighton, a Unitarian clergyman, who first illustrated how largely Christian unity now prevailed. Continuing his line of argument he happily illustrated how the striking out on new lines of theological expression had brought out a truth which was universally recognized, and that the conservatism of the evangelical churches had saved them from the errors into which they were drifting. That each had a truth, but neither all the truth. Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Congregational, showed on what lines Christian unity was possible, and instanced the meetings held last spring in the five Protestant churches of Arlington as a practical illustration of how easy it was to accomplish this result when there was the real Christian spirit. Rev. Dr. Biddle and Rev. Dr. Bicknell closed the discussion. Supper was served during the intermission and at 7 o'clock a praise service was held, followed at 7:30 o'clock by a sermon by Rev. D. N. Beach, of Cambridge, on the topic of the afternoon discussion, "Christian Unity."

He said, in substance, that the necessity of Christian unity was apparent to all, and the present generation more than any other perceives this fact. Notwithstanding this universally recognized necessity the subject is a very difficult one, and real unity is not easy of attainment. Thus far Christian unity is little more than a pleasant sound, and very little real progress is being made in the right direction. This comes from a lack of readiness of any one to make any motion. Each denomination is waiting for the other to move toward it. Neither is willing to sacrifice enough. Hence, it follows that Christian unity is very largely a stock figure, encompassed with conventionalisms. But this unwillingness to move is the lack of enough profound thinking upon the subject. If it were possible, the speaker would welcome to his pulpit and communion such leading men as Dr. Scully of the Catholic church, Dr. Briggs or Dr. Peabody of the Unitarian church, or Dr. Bicknell or Rev. Mr. Tomlinson of the Universalist church, or, in fact, anyone whose soul seeks the highest. He would kneel in communion and feel himself uplifted by the contact. He would do this without sacrificing anything of his individual opinion, or giving up any cherished belief. Christ himself taught the full measure of Christian unity when he prayed that his disciples might be one even as he and the father were one. The subject is treated in too conventional a manner. It is not sentiment, but solid reality—this desire for unity. This unity will not be a unity of thought, but a unity of spirit. As was said about specie payments, that the way to resume was to resume, so the way to attain Christian unity is to unite.

The Robbins Library building was closed on Monday while the heating apparatus was being overhauled.

The regular meeting of W. R. C. 43 was held yesterday afternoon, when the new officers entered upon their duties.

Mr. C. W. Bastine, formerly a groceryman in Arlington, visited his old home this week. He is now located in New York.

The new flag was displayed on the staff over G. A. Hall, this week, to notify members of the meetings. The flag was the gift of Mr. W. W. Brown.

The firemen of Arlington will not soon forget Monday, Jan. 9, for it brought to them the most arduous and perplexing duties they have encountered for a long time. About half past eight o'clock an alarm of fire was rung in from box 35, to be followed soon afterwards by a second call for the entire department to fight a fire raging within the walls and ceilings of Mr. Charles N. Bacon's residence on Pleasant street. It was evident at the outset that the house was practically doomed, as is almost invariably the case where the fire gains headway between the plastering and outer walls of a dwelling, but the firemen faced the danger with courage and extinguished the flames wherever the water could reach them. The roof was nearly destroyed and the side walls are eaten into by the flames in such a way that the house is a ruin. Most of the furniture in the lower part of the house was saved in a damaged condition, but that in the upper part of the house could not be reached because of the dense smoke which filled every part of the dwelling. The fire was discovered by Mr. Bacon some twenty minutes before the alarm was given. The heat of the furnace had ignited the woodwork near it, and Mr. Bacon thought he had extinguished it. Some time afterwards he discovered a fire raging in the partitions of the house and not until then was the fire alarm pulled. The entire forenoon was used in putting out this fire, and as the apparatus was coming into Arlington avenue the engineers were met by a messenger who told them the new Stickney-Tyler house off Mystic st., was on fire. Although the hose was in a frozen condition and difficult to handle, three streams were quickly run to the building and in a few minutes the brisk fire raging in the eastern room on the lower floor was extinguished. Stuff piled on the furnace in the cellar to be thawed out had been set on fire, communicating the flames to the floor above. Its early discovery and prompt action by the fire department made the loss on this building a trifling matter, and is covered by the contractor's insurance of Mr. O. B. Marston. The loss at the Bacon fire is estimated at \$6,000. The insurance carried by Mr. Bacon is \$3,000 on house and the same sum on furniture. During the fire Mr. Arthur Hill was hit on the head by a glancing axe, and Mr. Schumacher sustained a severe injury to one of his knees.

Tuesday evening the weather was bitter cold, still quite a goodly company "crossed the lot" to the club house of the Arlington Boat Club to participate in the social evening given each month in honor of the lady friends of the club on the second Tuesday of the current month. We venture the wager that if many of those present had known how cold it was, they would not have taken their bleak walk, for the house, in its situation on the border of Spy Pond, is quite remote from all localities. Quite a large portion of the company were of Arlington; still many familiar faces were missed who used to attend these gatherings, but when it is realized by them how attractive the hall has become since the enlargement of the house, they will again be glad to participate in these pleasant and informal dancing parties so hospitably tendered by the club. A pleasant feature of the evening, and an attraction furnished through the kindness of Mr. Franklin Russell, was quartette selections rendered by four of the leading singers from Mr. Russell's chorus choir at the East Boston Universalist church. They sang several times and were warmly applauded, evincing considerable natural ability in their singing. The quartette is made up Miss L. A. Wood, soprano; Miss Helen Stevenson, contralto; T. W. Holmes, tenor; George Pigeon, bass. The reception committee made themselves agreeable in their efforts to make the evening pass pleasantly for all.

Mr. Ivers Wetherbee met with a singular accident on Sunday evening. He was engaged in ringing the bell of the Pleasant St. Congregational church, for the evening service, when the bell rope parted. The counter balance of the heavy bell being thus suddenly broken had the effect of suddenly dashing him to the floor and with such violence that he fell all in a heap, as though crushed to the floor. His left foot was doubled under him in such a manner as to receive a severe strain to the ankle which will keep him in the house probably for a long time. He was taken to his home in Swan's place and attended by Dr. Hooker.

The Messrs. Durgin are busy harvesting a crop of handsome ice on Little Spy Pond, more than a foot thick and clear as crystal. They began cutting last Tuesday noon and a large quantity is already housed.

The Selectmen will make their annual examination of the Poor Farm property on the afternoon of Jan. 18.

The installation of the officers of Charles V. Marsh Camp, Sons of Veterans, occurs on the evening of Jan. 20.

Cards have been issued for the wedding of Miss Charlotte L. Gage to Mr. Henry A. Dexter, at Trinity church, Boston, at high noon, Tuesday, Jan. 24.

One half of Russell School building has been closed most of this week owing to a leak in the exhaust pipes of one of the boilers. Sessions were resumed in all the school rooms this morning.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will meet in the vestry, next Sunday evening, at quarter-past six. "Strength for God's work. How to obtain it and how to use it," is the topic. Bible references: Hosea 24 and Col. 1:9-11.

Representative Fred Joy, of Winchester, who represents this District in the Legislature, fared well at the hands of Speaker Barrett in the distribution of committee positions, being placed third on the House Standing Judiciary Committee.

The serious accident at the show case factory, formerly the Hobb's property, which deprived Mr. Walter Wetherbee of his thumb, has confined him to his bed at his home in Swan's place, ever since, although he is slowly recovering from the injury and shock to the system caused by the unfortunate accident.

The second course of ten lessons with Miss Ames on the works of Ruskin and John Ruskin, will begin in the parlor of the Unitarian church, on Friday, Jan. 20. All ladies desiring to join the class will please notify Miss E. W. Hodgdon, Pleasant street, before that date.

Mr. Chas. C. Chase will have charge of the missionary meeting held under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church, on Sunday evening. The subject for the leading thought of the meeting will be "Strength for God's work. How to obtain and how to use it."

Don't forget the eighteenth annual reunion of the Coting High School Alumni Association, to take place in Town Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 24. The reunion will be celebrated with a reception from 8 to 9 o'clock, followed with a dance to occupy the hours from 9 till 1 o'clock. Have you secured your tickets?

Miss Lucia T. Ames has been so successful in the first course of talks on literary topics that she will begin a second course in the parlor of the Unitarian church, Friday, Jan. 20th. The works of Ruskin is the principal foundation for her philosophical talks.

If it is not one of the functions of the police force to put a stop to the annoyance of sleigh riders by the school boys and girls in our streets, it ought to be. This "punging" as the boys call it is a perfect nuisance, especially as it is attended with snow bailing and other insults put on those who object to being imposed upon by the noisy rabble infecting the avenue before and after school hours.

Next Thursday evening, under the management of the Adelphi Club, the Wemyss Juvenile Opera Co. will give an entertainment in Town Hall. The entertainment furnished by this company has received the most flattering testimonials from the Boston dailies and local papers when they have appeared in lecture and entertainment courses elsewhere, so that it is safe to assume that this is to be one of the most enjoyable events to be presented here this season.

The monthly sociable at the Congregational church, held Wednesday evening, wound up with an entertainment that gave pleasure to the large company present. The principal feature was tableaux illustrating familiar advertising pictures in newspapers and magazines, which the audience was asked to name. These were presented in sections of four under the direction of Miss Elsie M. Parker. The entertainment opened with a piano solo by Miss Annabel Parker and the "breaks" in the tableaux were filled with two finely rendered bass solos by Mr. Arthur Gay, Mrs. Chas. H. Doughty accompanist, and there were well rendered recitations by Miss McLeod, a pupil of Boston School of Oratory, now residing in Arlington. Her rendering deserved the hearty and generous applause she received.

At St. John's Episcopal church the Sunday services have been changed as follows: At 9:15, a. m., Holy Communion; at 9:45 service of canticles and hymn rehearsal; at 10:30, Morning Prayer and sermon, followed on the first Sunday of each month by the Holy Communion; at 12:15, p. m., Sunday school; at 2:30 services and Sunday school at the Henderson St. Mission; at 7:30, Evening Prayer. On Fridays there will be services in the church at 11, a. m., and at 4 and 7:30, p. m. During Lent there will be additional services.

Two extra meetings were held at Arlington Baptist church this week. A "mothers' and daughters' meeting" was held Monday afternoon and a prayer meeting Wednesday evening, at 7:30.

Next Friday evening the Arlington Catholic T. A. B. Society will give its first grand dance in Town Hall. Tickets for gents, 50 cents; for ladies, 25 cents. The committee expects one of the largest parties of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Locke, of Winchester, well known in this town, observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their home, January 5th. There was no formal celebration, but children and grandchildren, friends and neighbors, gathered to offer their congratulations.

The announcement of a special musical programme or the repetition of the Christmas music rendered at the Baptist church, to be given last Sunday morning at this church, attracted an audience which included the regular attendants at other churches in quite large numbers. The double quartette which now makes up the church choir rendered the elaborate musical program published last week, the solo parts being taken by Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Hornblower and Messrs. Wood and Parris. It is a genuine treat to listen to the fine new organ, handled with exceptional skill and taste by Mr. Wm. E. Wood, and those who had not seen the interior since its rededication had an extra cause for congratulating the members of this society. Rev. C. H. Watson preached a strong and interesting sermon, having for his subject one of peculiar suggestiveness. "Two spirits in agreement and at variance" was the theme.

The Arlington Study Club, organized through the persistent efforts of Rev. I. C. Tomlinson, met in the parlor of the Universalist church, last evening. Continued on 8th page.

A Thrilling Tale of the War.



"I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and cocking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe."

A Mountain Maid,

By Maj. Alfred R. Calhoun,

Author of the Illustrated Serial, "A Prisoner of War," and "Odd Stories."

This is a novelette of rare excellence. It will appear in our columns soon. Full of exciting incidents. Prepare for it.

For Breakfast Eat

Wheat Germ.

There's Nothing Half so Good for the Morning Meal.

Concluded from last week.

HUGH McNEIL'S HEN.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

By the stream near the cabin we staked our horses in knee high grass, and though the fellow assured me that they would be as safe there as in the stable where they were foaled, I did not feel secure, but I tried to explain the precaution of keeping the men near the animals by saying such were the orders I had received from my superiors, and that as a good soldier I must carry them out.

He appeared to be satisfied, and I went up with him to the cabin, where we found a young woman of two or three-and-twenty, whom he told me was his daughter Min. As Min had dark hair, a good face and comely figure, I reasoned that she must resemble her mother, and when I told her so she looked at me with her keen gray eyes as if she thought me a wizard.

"Oh, that stranger knows everything," chuckled the father. "He told me my name afoah I told him. He's so d-d sharp, Min, that we uns'll be 'bleeged fo' to watch out."

The girl looked annoyed at her father, I thought, while he, promising to be back with provisions very soon, went out. Min, apparently indifferent to myself, went on mixing the meal for ponies, to cook which she had prepared a mass of glowing coals on the hearth.

It was not a spirit of gallantry or any foolish desire for a flirtation that made me eager for a talk with Min McNeil, though I must confess that I have tried to be agreeable in my time to young women with fewer physical attractions. I asked her if she was not lonely out here in the mountains, and her response, made without looking up from her work, was a slight shake of the head.

"Are you the only child?" I asked after a chilling pause.

"No, thar's Hen," she said.

"Is he in the army?"

"No."

"Not old enough?"

"No."

"Your father ever in the army?"

"No."

"He's our side, ain't he?"

"What's that?" Now she did look up, and before I could collect my thoughts she added in a whisper, "You uns is Yanks, fo' shuah."

"Who told you?"

"I know hit." This was said with an emphasis that no denial could change.

I took from my pocket more Confederate money than I had given her father, and placing it before her I said:

"Min, that is for you. Now I want you to be my friend. You are right. We uns is Yanks. What is your father?"

"He's a Confed," she said, as she concealed the money in her breast, "and you uns'll have to watch him," she went on. "I'm fo' the Union. I am, and that's why he hates me like pizen."

"By Jove, Min, I exclaimed, as I sprang over and seized her hand, "you are a brick, and I like you."

"And I like you uns," she replied. She reached her face up to mine, and if it was not an invitation to be kissed, I am sure she was not displeased at the salutation I gave her.

Whether it was the money or the kiss that thawed her reticence and loosened her tongue I cannot pretend to say, but perhaps it was both. I know, however, that she started in to talk as if we had been together since childhood, stopping now and then to go to the door, where she peered out and listened, with her hand to her ear.

I, of course cannot recall the exact words of any of the narratives recorded in my sketches of the mountaineers, but what the girl said while she was covering the ponies with ashes and live coals and watching the baking did not vary in thought or phraseology materially from this:

"Yass, hit's mos' powahful lonely out har in these hills, and sometimes when dad and Hen's away fo' a long time, and I don't see no one, I gets out and hollers, jest to heah the echo a-comin back. And ez no one heahs me, no one knows what I hollers—but hit's Lin Moore's name. Oh, you uns needn't to look s'prised. Don't I know whar he was yesterday? Fo' shuah I does. Yes, mebbe he'll come back when the wah's ovah, ef so be he hain't dead. He's a man, is Lin Moore, and he don't lie to man, woman nor chile, and he don't skeer fo' a cent; ef you uns think he does—try him, that's all. But dad, waal, mebbe hit don't seem nat'ral fo' me to talk of him, but I hain't blind, and when I hain't blind how can I help a-seein jest whar he is and what's into him? Ef so be it hadn't 'a' been fo' dad's drinkin an fightin, an a-kyarin on, Jasper way, afoah Hen was bawn, Hen'd 'a' been like we uns, instead o' bein a nat'ral. Then dad ain't aghah. He's got hit into his head that everythin he ken tote off without bein need is his'n. Then he's got a lot moah of the ole stay-at-home into the same way of thinkin, and them uns is even a-teachin pore Hen, ez wouldn't commit a sin o' so be he was to do a murdah, to steal."

I thought of my glasses as she said this, and was about to tell her of them, when, without any knock, a lank man clad in butternut and with his trousers inside a pair of wrinkled, rusty boots, came in, with the inevitable squirrel rifle in his lean, cinnamon colored hands. The man's thin beard and long hair were a rusty black, and there was a certain sneaking expression in the face that was not at all prepossessing. Giving me a nod, the man said:

"Evenin, Min. Howdee?"

"Howdee, Post?" she responded.

"Hugh home?"

"No."

"Back soon?"

"Reckon so."

"You uns peak fo' to have compny."

"Yass, Post; strangers a-ressin and pasterin their critters."

"Bojers!" This was addressed to me by the man Post.

"Yes, my friend, trying to be," I replied with affected heartiness.

"Hit's a doggone hard life."

"So it is, sir, and I hope it will soon be over."

"Thar's some ez thinks hit won't nevah stop, but ef all had a-keerd as little fo' fightin ez me, hit wouldn't 'a' nevah begun." Then with a change of manner and addressing me, "Come from up Chatt'nooga way?"

"Yes."

"Bound fo' Bridgeport, I reckon?"

"No; Stevenson."

Not caring to talk with this man, for I could see he was trying to act, I went down to the creek where the horses were grazing and the men were sitting in a group with their carbines in their laps. I had just explained to them that after we had had something to eat we should push on and try to get some sleep in the hills after midnight, when Hugh McNeil came to say that he had procured bacon and corn from a neighbor, and that Min was cooking the former.

The corn he brought down at once, enough to give the horses a good feed and to leave a few quarts apiece over, which I proposed to carry away. We went up to the house one-half at a time, I going with the second lot, and ate heartily of bacon and corn bread, which we might have washed down with unlimited new whisky if we had felt so disposed.

I noticed while eating that in addition to Post two more mountain men, who looked very much like him, came and looked in from the door, but refused Hugh McNeil's invitation to eat.

McNeil prevailed on me, and I led him to believe that I would remain till the next morning, but I had made up my mind to start as soon as the moon was up and not to say goodby to him. The men were quietly saddling up a few hours after supper, when Min found me out, and drawing me into the shadows, whispered:

"Dad's got the gang heah, and they're dead set fo' you uns!"

CHAPTER III.



Supposing that he was dead, Lin Moore laid him down.

My six companions, who had been feeling a bit nervous, overheard the girl, Min McNeil. As soon as she had gasped out her warning, the men stood to horse, expecting to hear the order to mount. Hugh McNeil was evidently the leader of the men now in or coming to his cabin, and it was to me very certain that to attempt to avoid trouble by a flight through the wooded hills in the night, leaving these guerrillas free in the rear, would be to give them the advantage. McNeil knew every trail, and he and his men could travel faster on foot than we could on horseback. Once in our front these fellows would bushwhack us, nor give us any chance to resist.

Min having put us on our guard was about to flee back to the cabin, when I restrained her long enough to whisper: "Don't blame me if I carry off your father tonight."

"Tote him ez fur ez you uns please, and ef you uns tote him so fur he can't never come back to that cabin up thar, hit won't make me cry no teahs."

There was a sob in the girl's voice as she pressed my hand and disappeared in the darkness. It did not take me a half minute to outline my plans to the men and to impress them with the importance of taking the papers from my breast pocket in the event of my being killed or even severely wounded, and getting them through to Mitchell, Sill or Negley.

Hitching the horses back from the stream and leaving two men to guard them, with orders to permit no one to approach till we returned, I took the remaining four men and went quietly up the slope to the cabin. Loud laughter and the boisterous voices of many men talking at once convinced me while we were yet fifty yards away that Hugh McNeil had received re-enforcements. At this distance we halted, and I sent one of my men to the cabin to tell Hugh McNeil that I wanted to see him for a few minutes.

Against the shaft of light from the cabin door we could see our comrade and the burly form of McNeil approaching. The mountaineer expected to find me down at the creek, but I well knew that to surprise such a man was to make him physically powerless and mentally incompetent for the time.

"Hugh McNeil, you are my prisoner! If you utter a whisper or move an inch without my order you are a dead man!"

The four cocked carbines pressed against his body convinced him that he must obey. As I took off his hat and tied his hands behind him with a picket rope brought up for the purpose, I could hear the quick, heavy breathing, and the gritting of the teeth that told the effort with which the fellow was restraining himself. It required another threat, after he had been bound, to make him lie down, but he quickly realized that we were in a hurry and meant business. One of the men was detailed to watch McNeil, which left only four, including myself, to deal with the gang in the cabin, but the advantage was on our side.

Andacity and judicious surprise are the strongest allies of the trooper. There were eight men smoking inside the cabin, all lank, desperate looking fellows, with powder horns and pullet pouches slung from their shoulders or waist belts, and their heavy hunting rifles within reach.

"Shoot the first man who lifts a hand!"

The men in the cabin heard this, and they turned to the door to see three troopers covering them with their carbines.

"What in h—l does you uns mean?" asked the man Post, whom I have mentioned before.

"It means that you fellows are prisoners! Don't move!"

The mountaineers were thoroughly frightened, and the bravest offered no resistance while their rifles were being carried out and they were being divested of their ammunition, belts, pistols and knives.

In the darkest corner of the cabin I could see Min McNeil, her fine eyes aglow and her breast heaving with excitement. I called to her to leave the place and she instantly obeyed. Then I told the mountaineers that I would station my men about the cabin, and that the first one of them that attempted to leave till I had a talk with them again in the morning must take the consequences.

My men were moved back, and we made a bonfire of the woodpile which we found about fifty feet in front of the cabin door. Into this fire was built the arms, ammunition and belts we had taken from the mountaineers, the object being to destroy the stuff, which was of no use to us, and at the same time to keep up the impression of our presence on the prisoners till daylight.

As we were hurrying back to where we left Hugh McNeil the girl stopped me, and drawing me aside asked, "Is you uns gwine to kill dad?"

"No," I replied, "but we'll carry him with us. I may release him after the danger is over."

"Don't kill him, fo' even though I hain't got no heart fo' him, he's my dad," she said, with a sob.

I assured her that I had no such purpose, but at the same time tried to impress her with the fact that a human life, particularly that of an enemy, was of no account compared with the success of our enterprise.

"If so be," she continued, "you uns could kinder tote him off till the wah's ovah, and Lin Moore kin come back to keef fo' me and Hen, ez he'll be mighty glad to do, hit'd be a kindness to we uns. I ken make out all alone by mysel' ef he's kep' a-kinder preznar, with no chance to drink whisky."

"All right, Min," I replied, and I pressed into her hand what was left of the Confederate money we had brought along. I was about to move off when, to my surprise, she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me. Poor girl, as I felt her hot tears on my face I think I understood and honored the emotion that prompted the act. We had made a break in the crushing loneliness and awful monotony of her life, and we were a living link connecting her with Lin Moore, the gallant fellow in whom all the hopes of her solitary life centered. She confirmed this sudden impression by whispering:

"Tell Lin I don't do nawthing, sleepin noh wakin, but jest a-thinkin of him and a-prayin for the wah to end that he may come back and take me to live up Bridgeport way."

I promised to do this, and with a heart full of gratitude for the brave girl we bade her goodby.

"Whar in h—l is you uns gwine to tote me?" was Hugh McNeil's salutation when I made him rise and walk down to where the horses were waiting.

"That depends on how you behave," I said.

He made no response, but indicated his feelings by muttering strings of oaths and assuring us that we should all be "cotched and hanged" before we got out of the hills. He was forced to mount the spare horse, but that he might be able the better to retain his seat his hands were fastened in front so that he could rest them on the pommel, but the bridal rein was in the hands of a man who rode by his side.

That our work was quick can be inferred from the fact that we were mounted and moving out of the valley before the powder flasks and arms, left in the fire before the cabin, began to explode; and then it sounded for some seconds as if a fight were going on up the hill, and the flaming brands buried into the sky helped to increase the impression.

The moon rose about nine o'clock, but as it was cloudy and threatening rain it was forced every ten minutes to strike a light in the dark woods through which we were traveling entirely by compass. Two hours after leaving McNeil's cabin it was decided to halt for the night, that the men and horses might be fresh for the rapid march which it was hoped would take us to our friends on the morrow. Our little band was divided into three reliefs. The horses were picketed and unsaddled and the prisoner was made as comfortable as was consistent with his safety.

Toward morning it began to rain, and when daylight came a dense mist made it impossible to see a hundred yards ahead. We ate of the corn bread and bacon procured from our prisoner the night before, giving him his share, though by no means as much as he wanted. When we were again ready to move forward McNeil beckoned me to him, for I had forbidden loud talking, and asked:

"Do you uns know whar this place is?" and he made a sweep about his head with his bound arms.

"Very well," I replied.

"Whar?" and he stuck out his chin and glared at me as if he were gloating over my ignorance.

"We propose to get through all right, Hugh," I said.

"But whar ef so be you uns should run into a right smart bunch of grays, eh?"

"In that event, Hugh, the first shot fired will be in your brain."

"Do you uns mean that fo' dead earnest?"

"We do."

"Well may I be d—d." He shook his shaggy head and a look of actual horror took the place of the fierce glitter in his bluish gray eyes. "Ef so be I'm gwine to be shot ez soon as you run into the enemy, and you uns look ez ef you uns mean hit, I reckon hit'd be more like

ah play to give me a chance to get this sword on the right track."

"Go on; I will listen to you," I said.

"Now, is you uns gwine down Stevenson way?"

"We will go in that direction."

"Which way from har?"

I showed him my pocket compass. It was evidently the first he had ever seen, but like all ignorant men he had a contempt for scientific appliances and methods.

"If you uns trust to that cussed little wobbilin thing," he said, "hit'll git yo' home bout's well ez a bline man on rutches. I've heern of them things, but I've never lowed thar was anything in 'em, and now that I sees one I'm dead shuah they ain't worth a d—n. Now you uns is fo' makin southwest. Waal, that means Confeds. Off har," and he motioned to the northwest, "is the way I'd go ef so be I was a Yank and found myself lost in the woods. Now I'm a-tellin you uns all this, not coz I want to help, but coz I don't want to be kilt."

This was good reasoning, and I should have followed the advice had I not known that it would take me away from the place where I expected to find the rest of the men under Brown and Arthur. As a compromise I took a course between the two and pushed ahead. About a mile from our camping place we came upon a trail that led due west, and this it was decided to follow so long as it did not deviate from the course set down.

About the middle of the forenoon, when we were pressing through a particularly dense stretch of woods and undergrowth, the prisoner sat very erect and looked eagerly about him. I could see he was very much excited, and I reasoned that this must be due to something he heard or saw. I at once called a halt, and imitating me the men bent forward in their saddles to listen.

Here again I heard the call of the whippoorwill that had so puzzled me when we were near Chattanooga two nights before. Soon the whippoorwill call was changed to that of a cry of alarm, between a shrill shout and a hoarse whistle, such as I had never heard before. I knew the source of this noise, but made no comment, while I listened and watched McNeil's face. I could see that he was unconsciously tugging at the rope that held his wrists, and it was the same involuntary impulse that led him to respond, as Lin Moore had done on our first meeting with the idiot, by imitating the "bob white" call of the quail.

We were now quite prepared for the coming of Hugh McNeil's Hen. He had evidently found us without following a trail, for he burst into our midst from the thick undergrowth to the right, and at once ran up to his father and began stroking his knees beside the horse, just as I have seen a dog manifest affection. He must have expected some return of this demonstration, but as it was not made he looked up and saw that his father's hands were bound before him.

A few seconds of dumb, unutterable surprise; the idiot looked wonderingly about him, and the resemblance between him and the prisoner was for the moment startling. Suddenly he found tongue and began to howl and bark like a dog, and to run from one to the other, as if to inquire the reason for his father's condition, or to ask for his release.

"You must make that boy stop his noise," I said to McNeil.

The idiot must have understood me, for he suddenly stopped, laid his battered musket on the ground, took off the old knapsack, and to my great comfort brought to view the field glasses he had stolen from me. He pushed them into my hand, and then began gesticulating and calling out: "Dad, no rope! We uns go home! Bow, wow, wow—br-r-r-r!"

I had made a failure of my previous effort to communicate with Hugh McNeil's Hen, so I told the prisoner to explain to him that I must keep him (Hugh) bound till we reached the Union lines.

"Come har, Hen." The idiot obeyed. "Now keep yo'r d—n mouth shet or I'll gad yo'!"

The poor creature was evidently accustomed to this kind of talk and to rougher treatment, for he crouched down, and covering his face with his hands he looked up at his father between his fingers.

"Tell him he must go home; we can't take him along," I said.

"Thar wouldn't be no use in that. Hen, he don't know nawthin 'bout home, and he lives, bein a nat'ral, purty much altogether, as one mout say, in the woods. You uns mout skeer him off fo' a bit, but he'd be mos' nigh shuah to follah."

About the middle of the afternoon we came to a hill that gave us a fine view north and south for many miles, discovering a few frame houses and many cleared fields; but what most attracted our attention were silvery smoke puffs, like baby clouds, away below us, and the quick glint here and there of the sun, which now shone out bright and clear on what were unmistakably rifles or sabers.

We reined in, but we were too far up and away to catch any sound. My field glasses, however, reached a number of men in gray to the south and others in blue to the north. The firing must have been harmless, for the rear guard of the cavalrymen in blue wheeled now and then to exchange shots with the enemy, fully a half mile away. These I now felt certain, were the fifty-four men left back with Brown and Arthur, and from the line of their retreat I was sure that the guide, Lin Moore, had reached them and reported my instructions. If we could now communicate with our friends I felt that the immediate danger would be over and that we could reach our lines after having carried out every order and made the scout a success.

As the mountaineer was unusually rough, and I did not care to kill the horses, which we always did if safety compelled us to proceed on foot, I dismounted one of the men, with orders to have our friends halt or return to our assistance if they had passed beyond the line of our advance when the men had reached them. Hugh McNeil's Hen

yes took in the situation, and I noticed that his complexion became ashy and his thick lips were compressed with the expression of a man trying to suppress a cry of agony.

As we were out for information and a fight might prove disastrous to our mission we were eager to avoid it, unless it became actually necessary to our own preservation. Again we advanced, this time with all speed, though frequently we were forced to dismount, so precipitous was the descent. To our alarm our friends kept falling back stealthily though it was evident there was no panic among them, and as steadily the mounted men in gray followed. At length we could hear the report of the rifles and the yelling of the pursuing cavalry. As it would be courting ruin to go down into the valley, and it was impossible to make headway along the side of the mountain, a halt was called at a point where a mass of rocks afforded a good point for a defense, and all dismounted.

Our presence here was soon discovered by the Confederates, and I saw a dozen or more cutting off from the right of their little line and facing the hill at a gallop. Soon they had to dismount and come up afoot, and I was glad to see that their force, weakened by the men left to hold the horses, was not so wildly impetuous as at the start; yet they had pluck, though they showed that they were green and nervous by firing long before there was a chance of their reaching us.

"Lie down and make Hen lie beside you!" I called out to Hugh McNeil, who with his bound arms resting on a rock in front and his son standing beside him and echoing the cracking of the rifles in a startlingly realistic way, watched the men in gray struggling up the hill.

He hesitated, then suddenly obeyed, pulling his son down by his side. What with watching the enemy and turning my glasses now and then in the direction from which our friends were expected, I lost sight of the prisoner. The scouts, I was glad to see, were as cool as at any time since we crossed the Tennessee, and without any orders they reserved their fire till they could distinguish the men who wore beards among the enemy from those who had mustaches only, then they opened. The Confederates halted, and they threw themselves on the ground so quickly that it was hard to tell the effect of the seven carbines fired from a rest at barely one hundred yards.

By this time I discovered that the enemy in sight were no stronger than ourselves if we could get all together, but instead of following our men in the valley they turned to the mountain and began to hurry up on foot. They had come within about 200 yards when I heard a shout from one of my men, and turning in his direction I saw Hugh McNeil and his son fleeing down the mountain and in the direction of the enemy.

At once and from both sides the firing increased, and I saw the two fugitives falling on their faces, but I was in no mood to think of the reason. I subsequently found that the idiot had freed his father by means of the barlow knife I had given him two days before in exchange for a copy of the Chattanooga Rebel.

Telling the men to keep up their fire I took my papers from my pocket and was in the act of striking a match with the intention of burning them before the enemy could come up when I heard a cheer down the hill; then my boys leaped to their feet, tossed up their hats and hurrahed till they were red in the face. I sprang up the rocks and saw the Confederates in full retreat and two-score dismounted men in blue in hot pursuit.

I put away the papers and matches, and we went down the hill till halted by Lin Moore, who in his joy embraced me.

He had come to a stop beside Hugh McNeil, who had been shot through the head, but by which side it was impossible to say. Hugh McNeil's Hen was shot through the breast, and the death pallor on his face and the crimson froth about the lips told that the end was near.

The poor fellow recognized Lin Moore and tried to rise. Failing in this, he reached up his hands and, like a distant echo of his former greetings, gave the cry of the whippoorwill, and the guide responded with a "bob white."

"They've done fo' you uns, pore boy! pore Hugh McNeil's Hen!" sobbed Lin Moore, and he knelt, and lifting the idiot's head held the canteen to his lips.

Hugh McNeil's Hen, preparatory to drinking, drew his freckled hand across his mouth. It was damp, and looking at it as if to discover the cause, he saw the crimson stain of which he had such an innate horror, then he closed his eyes with a shudder.

Supposing that he was dead, Lin Moore laid him down, but once more the eyes opened and remained open, and there came with his last breath a faint whistle like "bob white."

There was no time to bury the dead and we had no wounded. We hurried to meet Brown and the men who had come to our rescue.

As we rode along I told Lin Moore how Min had befriended us, and that without her assistance our success would have been far from complete.

"I ought to've married fifteen or twenty year ago ef I'd been sot that way," said Lin, "but I wasn't, and I reckon I'd nevah thought of sich a thing ef Min hadn't growed up so kind and purty and so different from most gals I've seed. She's one of them as'll wash without tosin color. And now thar Hugh McNeil's gone she and me'll hitch the sooner."

In reply to my question as to what the girl would do in the meantime, the guide said that she would be sure to make her way to Jasper, "nigh to which" some of her mother's kin lived.

Just seventeen months after this, when scouting in the same country, I found that Lin had done as the guide said. I also found that Lin had married her and that she had a baby. But Lin Moore was a widow, her husband having been killed a few months before in the advance of Rosecrans through Wild's valley beyond the Tennessee.

OLD FATHER PETERS.

The war had come to Bradley's Crossing. The little Salem meeting house in which Father Peters exhorted and prayed, and Dick Bradley, the blacksmith, and his neighbors worshipped, was a smoldering ruin. These are some of the questions that went around the neighborhood:



"Why did God let the house burn?" "Why did he permit his people, and particularly so good a man as Father Peters, to be persecuted?" "Why did he not smite hip and thigh the profane wretches who had done this thing?"

We shall publish Major Calhoun's story of "Old Father Peters" in early issues.

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THE TREE OF LIFE.

In his mother's sacred eyes,
Lit from God's own altar place,
Earth grows heaven, and gray time dies
In this infant's smiling face.
From the shroud of withered years
Love and hope come young again,
And the heart awakened hears
Songs that make the life of men.
Children's lightsome laughter rings,
Dull waste places hear their tread,
And the gleam of gracious wings
Lights old chambers of the dead.
All bright shapes of memory,
All glad dreams of youth and love,
Meet about the Christmas tree,
Underneath the Mystic Dove.
Time and fate are babbling words,
Vain vibrations of the tongue,
Since the song God's singing birds
O'er the Babe of Bethlehem sung.
Child of death that was to be,
Child of love and life with men,
Round the holy Christmas tree
Make us children, too, again.
Eyes that are love's deathless shrine
Where our holiest prayers arise,
Blest and blessing, dark, divine
Little children's happy eyes.
In your light the dark years change,
From your light all foul things flee,
And all sweet hopes—sorrow and pain
Round the Christ Child's Christmas tree.

—New York Sun.

PUNISHED.

The lake of Kirnitz, or of Lamentation, is situated in Carniola, Austria. There is not much beauty in its scenery, but it has the peculiarity of at one time being a sheet of water and at another a field.

The limestone, of which the bed of this curious lake is formed, is perforated with fissures, some of them as deep as fifty feet, into which trunks of trees and fishermen's boats have at times been drawn.

Many years ago a maiden who lived near Lake Kirnitz, poor as a church mouse, but proud as a queen, refused all lovers who sought her hand or companionship.

Lovers, poor, but honorable, sought her far and near, but she dismissed them with a frown and a toss of the head, bidding them seek wives elsewhere.

She had one day met the lord of a neighboring castle while out hunting, and the young and handsome noble had accosted her while she stood on the bank of the lake, and in a few well chosen words had flattered her beauty and vanity.

From that moment she had resolved to become the mistress of the castle and look down with disdain upon her former companions.

She soon saw that the first impression she had made upon him was but an evanescent one, and anger and jealousy now mingled with the love with which his handsome form and gentle speech had lulled her.

One day she met him and his servants upon the spot of their first meeting. Hilda, for such was the name of the girl, flung herself in his path, and with a smile on her face and a longing look in her eyes bade him good morning.

The young lord, who was neither so sober nor in so good a temper as when he had before accosted her, ordered her out of his path.

His words and tones were enough to crush the hopes of the aspiring peasant girl, but the loud laughter and insulting jeers of the companions and attendants of the young lord infuriated her, and making her clutched hand at the noble she cried:

"My time will come!"

The others laughed in mingled amusement and derision.

"How say you, Carl?" asked one. "Is the peasant wench mad or have you given her cause to fancy that one day she might be the recipient of your favors?"

"I was foolish enough once to notice her. I believe, but what is she to me more than the rest of the horde who till the fields? By my soul, Herbert, it were folly for a noble to look kindly on these low bred hinds, for if you do so they take it for granted that you intend some favor to them, and persistently dog your footsteps."

"Then you have met before?"

"Many times, but I never spoke to the girl but once. It was a foolish thing to do, but I confess that I was so struck with her beauty I could not resist the temptation to address a few words to her."

"And on this concession she has presumed?"

"Yes. Go forth when I will she throws herself in my path."

"She should prove an easy conquest, then," laughed Herbert.

"I never thought of that," said Carl, stroking his mustache.

"She flings herself at your feet."

"Granted; but?"

"But what, Carl?"

"Such conduct only excites my pity. If not my disgust."

His friend laughed.

"Herbert," said Carl, "you are—" "Your friend," interrupted the other.

"Say rather my tempter. You put thoughts into my head that never before entered there."

His friend laughed again.

"Well, well, if you love the girl—" "Nonsense, Herbert; you know that I am affianced to the Lady Gertrude."

How then can I love a lowly born maiden?"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us on," said Carl shortly. "The midday meal awaits, and we shall be late if we hurry not back to the castle."

They hastened on, and as they did so a figure rose on the edge of the lake and gazed after them.

It was a strange being, half fisherman, half hunter in attire. He was tall of stature and strong of limb.

"Virtue, villainy and ambition have stood today on the borders of my realm," he said, "and from my cave in the lake's bed I have seen and heard all."

sleep on a couch in the hall of his castle and his friend Herbert, heated with wine and troubled with thoughts of the lovely peasant girl, had strolled on to the ramparts, where the moonlight showed the lake beneath him like a silver mirror.

Suddenly a figure stood before him, and the young man, with his hand upon his sword, started back.

"Who are you?" he said.

"One who would serve you."

"How?"

"You are charmed with the beauty of Hilda, the peasant girl, who vainly loves your friend Carl."

"How know you that?"

"I have the power to read men's thoughts and see the workings of a woman's heart."

"You? Who are you then?"

"The Cave King of the Lake of Kirnitz."

"What would you with me?" asked the youth tremulously.

"I come to serve you. A vain, ambitious girl will await one whom she hopes to meet on the bank of the lake, but who cares not for her."

"What pity for such as she! She seeks her doom. Steal from the castle when the bell booms forth the midnight hour and meet her on the spot where today your friend treated her with such contempt."

"But of what avail would be that?"

"Assume the form of your friend and win the love she is so anxious to bestow on one so far above her."

"How can I do that?"

"By my aid."

"And what do you ask in return?"

"Simply that, having impressed the girl with the belief that you are him she so madly loves, you will embark with her on the lake on a boat you will find moored to the shore."

"It is but a simple request, I admit."

"Then take the form of your friend, which I have the power to bestow upon you."

The Cave King touched the shoulder of the young man, and in an instant he was changed not only in features, but in dress as well.

He gazed at himself in wonder and then looked up as if about to speak to the strange visitor.

But the latter was gone, and Herbert stood alone upon the ramparts.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself.

A retainer approached and said respectfully:

"My lord, a messenger has just arrived at the castle gate, and he bade me give this missive into your hands unseen by any one."

The young man opened the letter and by the light of the moon read:

"My Lord—I know that I aspire far beyond my station in presuming to love one so high and noble as yourself, but I feel that I cannot live without you. You can save me from ending my life if you will meet me and speak one word of hope and love to me on the banks of the lake tonight at the spot where we met this morning."

"Very good," said Herbert. "I will wander forth for a short time, I can re-enter the castle by the postern."

The man bowed and retired.

"Now for this peasant beauty," muttered the libertine. "Pride must have its fall, and if her fall is a deep one she will have no one but herself to blame for it."

He left the castle by the postern and made his way to the spot where he had seen Hilda in the morning.

The girl stood on the edge of the lake gazing down on the moonlit waters when his footfall struck upon her ears.

She turned and saw him as the boom of the convent bell struck the midnight air.

"Hilda!" he cried, and went toward her with outstretched arms.

"Carl—my lord!" she exclaimed.

"Thank heaven that you have come! If my love for you is unmadly remembered, that the workings of my heart are guided by a higher power than mine. From the first moment I gazed upon you I felt that I could love none other and that I must win your love or die."

She threw herself on the bosom of the man she believed to be the one who had enshrined his image in her heart.

"Let us sail out upon the lake," said the supposed Carl. "There in the moonlight, and with none to hear us but the waters that dance so merrily in the silver beams we will talk of that love you have for me and that which I have so long felt for you, but never yet acknowledged."

"You do love me, then, dear Carl?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I did; but with your arms around me and your eyes shining into mine I can doubt no longer."

He unmoored the boat, and seating her in it followed and pushed out from the shore.

In an instant, without the aid of an oar or sail, the boat dashed madly across the waters, then turned around and around with fearful rapidity.

"What is this?" he gasped.

The girl turned her despairing eyes over the lake.

"Mercy!" she cried; "the waters are sinking—the shores are rising around us like mountains. We are in a whirlpool! We are lost—we are lost!"

As she spoke the boat rose on its end, was spun around and around like a top for a moment, and then disappeared in the whirlpool in which it had been caught.

When the waters of the lake had run out, and the peasants came to plant their wheat upon its bed, they discovered a boat wedged in one of the funnellike holes with which it is perforated, and in it the two dead bodies, and there arose many stories as to how they came there.

—Chicago Post.

An Egg Story.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimoinen, who was to hatch it in his bosom. But he let it fall, and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky. The liquid white became the moon and the yolk the sun, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

—Philadelphia Press.

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

A DETECTIVE SAYS THAT WOMEN ARE MORE CRUEL THAN MEN.

In Reality There Are as Many Female Criminals as There Are Male, but Circumstances Conspire to Shield the Wicked Woman—Women Seldom Reform.

Theodore C. Metzler, the well known San Francisco detective, has not had twenty-six years of experience in his profession without obtaining some very strong impressions and opinions in regard to crime and criminals.

"As a sort of text," said Mr. Metzler, "for what I have to say on this subject, I will state that in considering men and women as criminals, between whom and their deeds comparisons are to be made, I consider that, while man is undoubtedly, as a rule, the more prominent in crime, woman, on the other hand, is at once more cruel and cunning in what she does."

"From the circumstance that a considerable less number of women than men are convicted of crime the inference is drawn that in women the criminal propensities are weaker or under better control. Such a conclusion is, however, not borne out by the facts, for when crimes have been traced to women it has been found in the great majority of cases that the guilty deeds have been committed not only with systematic cunning, but also with a coolness and cruelty which have seldom been attributed to man."

"There are several reasons," continued Mr. Metzler, "why so few women have been convicted of crime. Man's natural sympathy for her often causes him to overlook important points against her, and then again he is always extra careful for fear he might do her injustice and injury. Men in the detective profession may pretend to have no sympathy for a woman, yet a good looking face and a bewitching smile always find a tender spot in their hearts."

"Of course there are exceptions, but they are very few. If there are men in this profession who are not susceptible to a woman's plea, I, in my experience of twenty-six years, have failed to find them."

"Another thing: It is seldom considered that girls are watched more carefully than boys and are under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into account that older females spend more of their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not always the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications, in which women have little or no share, as they spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions. Most homicides, you know, are the results of anger excited when persons are away from their homes and families, as violent quarrels generally take place in the street or barroom, and not in the parlor or sitting room."

"Now as to the cruelty and deliberation of the female criminal. The history of crime shows that most of the murders committed by women are those perpetrated by the administration of poison. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed, the victim being invited to partake of refreshments by one who is presumed to be a friend."

"Murder by the administration of poison is considered the most foul and the darkest of all crimes, but it is the one that women have been addicted to more generally than men in all ages and countries."

"Another very remarkable fact," continued the detective, "has recently been mentioned in a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell jail. It is that some criminals are practically incurable. From a table prepared by him it was shown that during last year there were committed to the prisons and jails of England and Wales 5,688 men and 9,764 women who had been convicted no less than ten times previously. You see the force of the comparison."

"A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thoroughgoing in all things, good, bad or indifferent, than the men. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a shortcake, the making of a crazy quilt or the poisoning of a rival, woman devotes all her time, knowledge and talent to what she has in view."

"Then, again, a woman has less chance of reforming than a man. The latter can go to a strange or distant place, raise whiskers or shave those he had, assume a different name and commence life anew. He can generally find employment, but with the woman it is more difficult. Disguise is not so easy, and if she goes to a different place some one is liable to recognize her."

"A strange woman is always looked on with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprise if he goes to a new country and engages in a business for himself, but such is not the case with a woman. If she is once discovered her own sex are the first to point their fingers at her, turn up their noses and refuse to associate with her, the result of which is that she becomes hardened and callous, and is again driven to crime."

—San Francisco Post.

As Far As Looks Go.

"They've raked in a pretty tough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed the stranger, who had dropped in at the police station.

"You are looking at the wrong gang," said the reporter to whom he had spoken.

"Those are not the prisoners. They are the lawyers."

Where Boston Streets Got Their Names.

The English names given to the Back Bay streets were evolved by a couple of Irish-Americans on the board of survey, aided by a copy of the "British Peerage."

—Boston Pilot.



"Who's that?" demanded Minny.

There were many "Divided Houses" during the Rebellion. Brothers parted upon the border lines separating the contending forces. Many were never reunited, falling in unknown graves. But instances have been reserved for the writers of our war literature, out of which are woven most captivating stories. We have one for our readers—one of the novelist's best—

A Divided House.

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LEXINGTON, Mass.

OFFICE HOURS:
9 A. M., TO 5 P. M.

Either or Gas administered when necessary.

A. G. WASHBURN,

Carpenter and Builder,

Work done by the Day or Contract.

JOBBER OF ALL KINDS

Done at shortest notice.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Residence, Forest St., Lexington, Mass.

W. H. DAVIS,

Retail dealer in

Pure, Fresh Milk.

Customers desiring one cow's milk especially

accommodated. Proprietor of milk route

erily conducted by A. F. Spaulding.

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

The Through Freight and Passenger

Route, and Short Route to all Points

West.

CALIFORNIA BUSINESS A SPECIALTY.

H. G. LOCKE, N. E. Agent,

227 Washington street, Boston.

IVAN MABEY,

PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERER,

MAIN ST., LEXINGTON.

Upholstering, Mattress making, Furniture

Repairing, Window dressings and trimmings, Laying

Carpet, etc., in the best manner, at reasonable

prices.

SHOE MAKER

REPAIRER,

JOHN THOLEN, MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

Besides the usual line of boots and shoes, we

keep a full assortment of Overalls and Blouses,

etc., etc.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

"I am beginning to believe that there is absolutely nothing new under the sun, but that every thought is a revival or an imitation or a downright plagiarism of some one which preceded it years and years ago," said Calvin S. Southwood as he warmed his feet against a heater in the rotunda of the Lindell. "Even the inventions that appear so brand new may have existed or their possibility been suggested away back before the dawn of history. At any rate this is evidently true in the realms of literature. In this line, if in nothing else, history repeats itself and the world runs in cycles. I attended church Sunday—fact, I assure you—and heard a distinguished gentleman use a metaphor as his own which I at once recognized as used once by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and which in different form I once ran across in an old book containing the 'Canterbury' Tales. Yesterday I read in a magazine an article by a writer of national reputation, who used as his own the expression, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt.' This expression was evidently taken bodily from the 'Poor Richard's Almanac' of Benjamin Franklin, and this distinguished philosopher I feel sure borrowed it either consciously or unconsciously from an old German book full of folklore. Many of these old thoughts in more recent writers are unconsciously reproduced, and in their new dress are hardly recognized. A guilty conscience needs no accuser may easily be recognized in Hamlet's soliloquy. 'Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,' but it appeared far back of that, in the sacred pages, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' and no doubt in other shapes ages before that. No, there's nothing new under the sun."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

More Potato.

Renan had a great contempt for mere words, however eloquent. One evening he met at a sort of a literary dinner M. Caro, the philosopher beloved of fine ladies, who set himself to prove the existence of God. His eloquent assertions did not seem to interest the sage. In the middle of one of his most sonorous periods M. Renan attempted to make himself heard.

But all the ladies were intensely interested. They would not have their pleasure spoiled.

"In a moment, M. Renan, we will listen to you in your turn."

He bowed submissively.

Toward the end of dinner M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned toward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hostess, with an encouraging smile, said:

"Now, M. Renan."

"I am afraid, dear lady, that I am now a little behindhand."

"No, no!"

"I wanted to ask for a little more potato."—Fortnightly Review.

Indorsed for Office.

I nice looking old gentleman with a florid complexion approached the appointment clerk of the treasury one day with an application for a place, indorsed by some letters of recommendation. When the official asked him a question he said: "Please write it down. I am so deaf that I could not hear a sound if a cannon were fired off close to my ear."

General McCauley thought that this was rather a disadvantage for an applicant for employment as a clerk, but he asked the stranger to write his name and address. The old gentleman shook his head. "It is impossible," he said. "I cannot write at all, because my hand is palsied."—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Clara Jane's Hardworking Hen.

Clara Jane Edwards has placed on our table two large hen eggs. They are about the size of turkey eggs. Clara Jane says that the hen that laid 'em has laid two of this size every day for the last four years, but has now gone to setting. The eggs have been broken in the frying pan and they have each two yolks. A little calculation will show that this is nearly 3,000 eggs in the space of four years from one hen, equal to 12,000 common sized hen eggs.—Stewart County Hopper.

Frightened Into a Fever.

Frederick I of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and dabbled her clothes in blood rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.—Dr. Elder in Washington Post.

Accustomed to Being Waylaid.

There was a Bavarian prince who was so entirely accustomed to being continually waylaid and followed about by his admirers that once on coming out of the Frankenkirche (Church of Our Lady), feeling himself held back by the cloak, he turned abruptly round and angrily exclaimed, "This is really not the place!" before he saw, to his relief, that it was only his cloak which had hitched, in passing, on a nail.—Exchange.

Ethan Allen's Reply.

While Ethan Allen was held a prisoner in New York an offer was made him of a large tract of land in Vermont or Connecticut, as he preferred, provided he would espouse the cause of England. His reply is characteristic:

"If by fidelity I have recommended myself to General Howe, I shall be loath by unfaithfulness to lose the general's good opinion."—Youth's Companion.

Guarded Sympathy.

Very Short Nervous Old Lady (to guard)—Oh, guard, wouldn't it be dreadful if there was a collision on the line I'm about to travel by?

Faithless Guard—Yes, mum, it would be for any one you happened to fall on.

—Exchange.

Guarded Sympathy.

Very Short Nervous Old Lady (to guard)—Oh, guard, wouldn't it be dreadful if there was a collision on the line I'm about to travel by?

Faithless Guard—Yes, mum, it would be for any one you happened to fall on.

—Exchange.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

The Sort of Risks People Run Every Day Without Getting Scared.

Why don't more people die of pneumonia, quick consumption and other lung troubles?

That is what I think every night in upper Broadway. There you'll see a score or two of men coming out of superheated theaters between the acts to stand in unprotected full dress around the cold and drafty lobbies or out on the sidewalk for a chat or a smoke. You'll see them at the Madison Square garden—square acres of white shirt front—sitting for hours in an atmosphere suggestive of overcoats. They pour out of clubhouses and hot restaurants at all times of the night, often in a dripping perspiration from exercise and with careless or no provision against the evils of a sudden change of temperature. You can meet them on Broadway with topcoats thrown wide open and the chest exposed from necktie to waistband.

Yet it is only now and then that we know of a man who was out around town in apparently good health

Arlington Advocate

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave
Published every Friday afternoon, by
CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.
Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 5 CTS

Arlington, Jan. 13, 1893.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents
Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

Boston had another disastrous fire on Tuesday, entailing the loss of nearly two million dollars, and resulting in at least one death and a number of serious accidents. Delay in giving the alarm, caused by a defective box, was mainly responsible for the extent of the disaster.

On Monday the final act in the election of a new President was accomplished by the meeting of the several Electoral Colleges in the different states and casting their ballots in accordance with the verdict at the polls last November. The meeting of the Massachusetts electors was a pleasant event, witnessed by a large company at the State House.

After newspaper ventures elsewhere, Mr. H. W. Pitman, long connected with the Journal of that city, returns to Somerville to start a new paper called the "News." It is smaller than its contemporaries but is a newsy sheet and a good looking one as well. Success to the new venture. "There is always room on top."

Bro. Wm. H. Cook, of the Milford Journal, celebrated his fiftieth birthday last Saturday with the help of friends. Scores of newspaper men would have participated with pleasure to testify again to their appreciation of the sterling worth of this young man, as they have on other occasions by electing him to places of honor and responsibility.

The Philadelphia Press flutters all alone by itself with the impression that Gov. Russell owes his re-election to the mistakes of the voters of this Commonwealth. In this vicinity this contention of the facts in the case has come to be accepted as one of the jokes of the season.—Sunday Herald.

The hilarity of the Herald's laughter at this joke is only equalled by the visible mirth with which Gov. Russell alludes to the same event.

The sudden and wholly unexpected death of Gen. B. F. Butler at his residence in Washington, D. C., last Tuesday night, removes from active life a man who for a longer period than any other in recent years has had a national reputation. In 1860 his action in the Democratic National Convention (that finally made a double nomination which made the election of President Lincoln possible), made him the observed of all observers, and since then no man's actions have been more closely scrutinized, or yielded so many dramatic situations to those who looked upon them as has General Butler. In the narrower field of Massachusetts politics Gen. Butler's position has for thirty years been unique and peculiar. For years he was representative of a Republican constituency. Later he was the successful candidate of the Democratic party for Governor. These two striking features are representative of his career. The friend and supporter of one decade was likely to be the implacable opponent of his political ambitions in the next, and so it was through his life. As a lawyer Gen. Butler was without a peer in certain lines of work; as a business man his capacity was phenomenal. The result of this was the accumulation of a large fortune, which he was always going to enjoy at that leisure day he saw in the future.

The Legislature of 1892 appointed a committee to sit during recess and report some plan for shortening sessions of future Legislature. By accident or intention that report has been given to the public in advance of its presentation to the Legislature. The report recommends a session of one hundred days, at the end of which the Governor shall prorogue the Legislature, and, if needed, call an extra session. The salary of members is to remain as at present, and the anti-railroad pass law should stand. Orders of inquiry on subjects introduced by petitioners are disapproved, they being a fertile source of loss of time. The rights of petitioners are not invaded. State Commissions should be made to hurry up their reports. The committee seems to have done its work well, and when the report is fairly before the House it will very soon be manifest whether or not the Legislature desires to improve on past methods by the way it receives the document.

There is no longer any necessity for the people of this town to go to Boston for their photographs, as a short ride on the cars brings them to Pach's studio on Main street, Cambridge, where work equal to that made in Boston is guaranteed. There are no stairs to climb, a fact which mothers and elderly people will appreciate. Mr. H. William Tupper is manager and photographer.

Death of John P. Squire.

For nearly three months past Mr. John P. Squire has not been in his usual robust health, and a week or two ago he was prostrated by a severe illness, but was not considered to be in special danger until last Friday, when pneumonia developed and death came the following day.

On the first of May, 1892, Mr. Squire celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entering on his business career in which he had been phenomenally successful, and at that time formed the John P. Squire Corporation in which two of his sons and three of his sons-in-law were associated with him, the active management devolving to a still larger extent than formerly on the younger element of the firm. Mr. Frank O. Squire has been associated with his father as a partner since 1873, and Mr. Fred F. has been associated with him for ten years or more.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Squire could not have lived to enjoy the greater leisure the new business arrangement gave him and witness the steady growth of his life work under hands that had been carefully trained and instructed by him.

To Arlington people in general Mr. Squire was but little known, he rarely appearing at town meetings except to vote (he seldom failed to exercise his right even at the cost of valuable time) and with social events outside of his own home he had absolutely nothing to do. His business, growing rapidly always, and with gigantic strides at times, absorbed all of his energies and afforded him all the enjoyment he sought. Through the several panics and business convulsions marking the years 1847, 1857, 1860-61, 1873 and 1890, Mr. Squire passed without being obliged to ask financial favors of any one, his business being always conducted on the soundest of principles and governed by a keen insight that anticipated dangers and provided against them. Though quiet, reserved and unassuming, Mr. Squire was of a genial temperament, contributed his full share to the pleasures of his home life, and among business associates had a phenomenal number of warm personal friends. He delighted in extending a helping hand, and always did so without ostentation or pride.

Although we spoke at length of Mr. Squire's career last May, it is appropriate at this time to repeat the same to some degree.

He was born in Weathersfield, Vt., May 8, 1819, and was the son of a farmer. In 1835 he left the round of chores at the farm and worked two years for Mr. Orvis, a storekeeper at West Windsor, Vt. In the winter of 1837 he attended the academy at Unity, Vt., at which Rev. A. A. Miner was then principal. The following winter he himself acted the pedagogue at Cavendish, Vt. In the spring of 1838 he came to Boston, and to save his capital of \$10 he had to begin life with in that city, he walked all the way. He at once went to work for Nathan Robbins, who, at the time of his death, had been in the poultry try business for nearly half a century at Faneuil Hall Market. In 1842 Mr. Squire married Miss Kate Green Orvis, daughter of his old Vermont employer, and through a long life she has been in every way his helpmeet, caring for his comfort and the welfare of a large family of children.

Mr. Squire began business for himself in the firm of Russell & Squire, May 1, 1842. He then, at the age of 23, had \$1500 capital, part of it borrowed. The firm carried on the provision business at No. 25, Faneuil Hall Market, and continued until 1847, when Mr. Russell retired. Mr. Squire continued alone at the same place until 1855, when he formed a new copartnership with Hiland Lockwood and Edward Kimball, under the style of John P. Squire & Co. Later these men retired from the firm and afterwards two of his sons were admitted.

Beside the very large real estate holdings, consisting of the East Cambridge factory and adjoining buildings belonging to the J. P. Squire Corporation, Mr. Squire owned large tracts of real estate in Revere and other places, and his real estate in Arlington is more extensive and valuable than that owned by any one else, and his wealth is estimated by outsiders as rising three million dollars.

The funeral service over the remains of Mr. Squire were held at his late residence on Arlington avenue last Tuesday afternoon, the spacious parlors and adjoining rooms being crowded with business associates and friends of the deceased. No man not in public life ever received greater evidence of esteem either in number or standing of those attending a funeral service. Not only this, the floral offerings were something remarkable in number, size and variety of design, and represented parties near and from far who thus expressed their regard for the deceased. The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, and consisted of Scripture reading and prayer only, but in the latter service what Mr. Squire had been to the business world and in his home life was brought home to those present by graphic and feeling expressions. Music by the Myron W. Whitney quartette was interspersed, the selections rendered being chosen by the family.—"Gathering Home," "Consolation." "I cannot always trace the way," the quartette consists of T. H. Norris, first tenor; H. W. Fessenden, second tenor; Clarence E. Hay, first bass; Myron W.

Whitney, second bass. The remains were enclosed in a handsome cloth-covered casket and rested in the centre of the parlor in the midst of the wonderful floral display already alluded to, and at the conclusion of the service those desiring to do so had an opportunity to look upon the face of one all had unservingly respected. Prior to the service some hundreds of men at the factories at Cambridge came to the house for their last look upon one who had in so many ways proved himself their true friend. After the crowd had departed from the house, occurred the private burial in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Arlington. A complete record of the floral offerings it was impossible to obtain, but among the contributors were H. Albert DeBary & Co., of Antwerp, Sandie & Hull, Liverpool, England; Robert Sandie, of Liverpool, England; Mr. Gill of Gill & Loomis, Boston, Mayor Ashley of New Bedford, L. H. N. Vaupel of Boston, from employees of Miller's river market, employees from 40 North Market street, Henry L. Mills of Boston, from a sister, Miss Esther Squire of Cambridge, from the nephews of the deceased and many others.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Arlington was held at the banking rooms in Savings Bank Building, on Tuesday evening, and chose as directors for the ensuing year Messrs. E. Nelson Blake, Alfred D. Holt, Edward S. Fessenden, Sylvester C. Frost, Edwin S. Spaulding, Samuel A. Fowle, Theodore Schwamb, Franklin Wyman, William D. Higgins, the latter being chosen to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Cyrus Wood (now absent in Florida), whose health does not permit his attending to the duties. At this meeting Mr. William G. Peck, invited by the directors some time ago to investigate the condition of the institution and make a report at this meeting, presented the results of his investigation. He said the year's business had resulted in the earning of seven per cent. on the capital of the bank, and that the assets of the bank showed a perfect agreement with the accounts as kept. No piece of paper or obligation to the bank remained unpaid, and he congratulated the stockholders on the favorable showing. He was sure the decision of the directors not to declare a dividend but to add the earnings to the surplus and undivided profits was a wise one, as by it ample provision was made against possible loss, it added to the earning capacity of the bank, and it would also be more satisfactory to the depositors. The result of this disinterested investigation will be gratifying to the general public as well as to those more directly interested.

Mother-in-Law.

A short story with the above heading had an abrupt ending in last week's paper, and about it there has been considerable curiosity. In putting the type in the "form" the last bit was overlooked. Any interested in finishing the story will find the omitted portion below:—
"And he wasn't angry any more, but just kissed me."
"For my sake," he said—"don't you for my sake? Now I know how well you love me."
He sent the old woman to her friends that day, and I've seen her playin her hurdy gurdy, as Paul calls it, in fourteenth street very often. And Paul's real name came in a few weeks, and I don't know nobody nicer, and she plays the waltz lovely, and when you feel just like it sauerkraut is real tasty, and I'm getting quite fond of noodle soup and of my Gervan man-in-law.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

The time has not yet arrived when it is necessary to name the successor of Mr. Lodge in the next Congress. He is still our Representative, and will so continue until the 4th of March. It is more than probable that an election will not be ordered before next November, as the likelihood of an extra session is very slight. Between now and next fall the Republicans of the Seventh District will confer together, and come to an agreement as to who will best represent them in Congress, and then they will go ahead and elect him. This district will not elect a Democrat, and those who are figuring on the supposition that it will are sure to be mistaken. Dr. Everett's ambition to be the perennial candidate of the Democracy may, possibly be gratified, but as for electing him, that is another story.—Lynn Item.

According to some of our doctors sewer gas is or has been making considerable havoc with the health of quite a number of their patients. The matter of plumbing is assuming a critical importance and it looks as though we should have to have a "supervisor of plumbing" before one can "rest easy in their minds." There is an opportunity for some one to invent a practical method by which the "unprofessional" may discover for themselves whether they are inhaling the pure air of heaven or getting "breezes" from their cesspools. There is money in it—"go to," ye inventors, and give us a "practical test" for discovering sewer gas?

An interesting exhibition in oil and pastel paintings opens to-day (Friday) at the gallery of Doll & Richards, 3 Park St., Boston. Miss A. E. Wadsworth makes the exhibit, assisted by Miss E. B. Greene, who shows some flower decorations done in oil.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 7, John P. Squire, aged 73 years, 8 months.
In Arlington, Jan. 10, Mary A., daughter of Dennis F. and Julia A. Sweeney, aged 1 year, 6 months, 27 days.
In Lexington, Jan. 9, Morris Morrissey, aged 70 years.
In Lexington, Jan. 10, Nathan L. Bryant, aged 68 years, 6 months.
In Lexington, Jan. 8, Annie E. Riley, daughter of John R. and Mary E. Riley, aged 20 years, 3 months.
In Lexington, Jan. 6, Ira Burnham, aged 77 years, 3 months.

Special Notices.

Mr. C. N. Bacon and family wish to express their thanks to the Arlington Fire Dept. for their prompt and efficient work during the burning of their house Monday forenoon, Jan. 9.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank SPECIAL NOTICE.

At the annual meeting of the Corporation of the ARRLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK held Dec. 21st, 1892, the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year:—
President.—William G. Peck.
Vice-Presidents.—William E. Parmenter, Stephen Symmes, Varnum Frost.
Treasurer.—William E. Parmenter, Stephen Symmes, William G. Peck, George Y. Wellington, William Proctor, James A. Bailey, Varnum Frost, B. Delmont Locke, Henry J. Locke, Reuben W. Hopkins, Henry Swan, Theodore Schwamb, George Hill, William H. H. Tuttle, Francis S. Frost.
Board of Investment.—William G. Peck, B. Delmont Locke, Henry Swan.
Secretary.—Joseph W. Whitaker.
All the above named persons have accepted said offices and have been duly qualified for the same.
Attest: JOSEPH W. WHITAKER, Secretary.
Arlington, Jan. 10, 1893.

WANTED.

At once, 16 young ladies, none need apply unless they have school certificate under 18 years; light and steady work. Apply to S. A. FOWLE, Arlington.

TO LET.

The store occupied by Mr. J. S. Spaulding as a shoe store is to let. Address MR. SPAULDING at 134 Federal street, Boston.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, FREE.

TO RESIDENTS OF STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE BOSTON GLOBE has inaugurated another grand voting contest, whereby the most popular teacher of either sex, the most popular postal employee of either sex, the most popular employee of either sex in any store or mercantile business, including telegraph and telephone operators; the most popular policeman in any city or town; the most popular fireman or member of any fire department, and the most popular journeyman mechanic of any recognized trade in the State of Massachusetts can be voted for (on GLOBE coupons). The offer includes Pullman sleepers, meals en route, first-class hotels in Chicago, a ticket of admission to the fair for seven days while there. The whole trip to occur by ten days.



TO LET.

House on the corner of Arlington avenue and Franklin street, conveniently located with all modern improvements. Enquire of O. W. WATSON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
Whereas, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, A. D., 1892.

On the petition of the citizens of the town of Arlington for the relocation of Mystic street in said town, from Arlington avenue to the Winchester line, and the laying out of a new highway from Mystic street, near the residence of John S. Crosby, to a point on Water street near junction with Russell street, it was adjudged that said alterations were of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's Room, in Arlington, on the third day of February next, at 9.30 o'clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ask Clerk.
December 24, 1892.
A true copy.
Attest: GEO. W. W. SAVILLE, Deputy Sheriff.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James Mackley to Edwin S. Spaulding, recorded April 19, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, libro 175, folio 507, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, being the premises described in said mortgage, on SATURDAY, the 21st day of January, A. D., 1893, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described as follows:—
A tract of land situate in Lexington, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a ditch on a passage way leading to the "Pest" works, as called by land of Anne Angier; thence by land of said Anne Angier in a westerly course by a ditch 21 rods; thence in a southerly course by land of said Angier by ditch 21 rods to land of Frank H. Patch; thence by land of said Patch in an easterly course by a ditch 21 rods to the passage way before mentioned; thence by said passage way to the first mentioned bound, and so on.

Particulars at sale.
EDWIN S. SPAULDING, Mortgagee.
GEO. H. REED, Attorney, Lexington, Mass.

New Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont St., Boston. Agents wanted.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 18. Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.
Topic.—Strength for God's work. How to obtain it and how to use it. Hag. ii, 4; Col. i, 9-11.
All kind of work requires strength. He who would do physical labor must have strong arms and a strong constitution. The man who would successfully engage in mental pursuits must possess power and strength of mind. Just so he who would do God's work or be successful in the spiritual life must have sufficient spiritual strength. The secret of success in all these lines is to know how to obtain the power and then how to use it. Of each of these, as related to spiritual labor, we have an example in the topical references.
1. The command to be strong. Hag. ii, 4, "Be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord, and be strong, O Joshua, and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord." Zerubbabel was among those who returned at Cyrus' decree from Babylon. His special work was the rebuilding of the temple. This work had been delayed for seven years—perhaps unnecessarily, had they been brave—by the Samaritans. Hence now comes the command of God through his prophet, saying, "Be strong and work." They were not to fear the enemy, but boldly and fearlessly to push the work of God along. God's work was not to be sacrificed for fear of man. Often for the same cause God's work ceases or lags for a time to-day. It may be so in a community. Satan and the world seem to have such a hold on the people that Christians give up hope and cease to labor. It may be in a church. Men may oppose the extension of Christ's kingdom, and God's people may become disheartened. It may happen in the individual life. The sneers and temptations and allurements of the world may be too much for us, and we may have ceased to grow spiritually. To all such comes God's command, "Be strong and work, for I am with you." "Fear not, for, lo, I am with you always." In discouragements and defeats make God your strength and power and push forward, for you cannot fail.

2. The end of the strength derived from God. Col. i, 9, "That you may be strengthened unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness." Paul knew from experience the patience and long suffering that were needed to live a worthy Christian. Hence he prays that the Colossians may derive strength from God sufficient to make them patient and long suffering even with joyfulness. God's work needs, above all things, patience and long suffering. Difficulties will need to be met. It is not easy always to do that which is right. Discouragements will come, for it is natural, neither for us nor our fellows, to follow the path of righteousness. How often we despair of our own progress and become heartily weary of the hard heartedness of others. Trials and afflictions will also come upon us. It is indeed meet, therefore, that we should pray to God that he would give us and others strength to go forward, even in the midst of such discouragements; that he will give us power to rejoice in tribulation, to take joyfully the buffetings and ridicule of the world, to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer for his name, to have joy as well as patience in suffering. For this we must be strengthened by God's grace.
Bible References.—Ps. xxvii, 1; lxvii, 1-6; Isa. xli, 2; Joel, iii, 16; Math. xxviii, 19, 20; Rom. i, 18-15; I Cor. ix, 19-29; x, 13; II Cor. xii, 9, 10; Eph. iii, 18-19; iv, 1-3; Phil. iv, 18; I Tim. iv, 10; Heb. ix, 28-34; II Pet. ii, 7.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of stomach, liver or kidneys. It will cure "stomachic" indigestion, constipation, and drive malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Shorthand and Typewriting.

School for young ladies, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, room 29. For circulars address MISS N. S. HARDY, box 104, Arlington. Pupils added to positions.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of SYLVESTER STICKNEY, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Caroline E. Stickney, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, and to exempt her from giving surety or securities on her bond pursuant to statute:
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of February 1893, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ARRLINGTON ADVOCATE, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.

TO LET, IN LEXINGTON.

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New and Second-Hand Carriages on hand for sale. Particular attention paid to shoeing lame horses.

Investigation.

Omnipathy.

Four years' residence in Arlington and NO DEATHS in my practice; and yet I have taken quite a number of the (so called) incurables under my charge. Such as an old gent with softening of the brain; a case of Bright's disease of the kidneys, passing blood; another who was compelled to get out of bed six or eight times every night; another of cancer of the liver and throat; from 40 years use of tobacco after trying Allo and Homeopathic M. D.'S, only to throw away his money. In Mr. Sickney's store he said, in the presence of Mr. Bradley, you are going to make me well and as an act of gratitude I am going to give you \$100. His tobacco habit is stopped. Another case of 24 years' cough and 24 years' use of wallowing drugs.
During the above 4 years' young physician and a doctor's son have died in Arlington. I have many more startling cures to refer to in A. and yet some men and women are so wedded to the family M. D. that they will swallow his pills and powders only to die. I have seen four funerals in two days. During the above time I have taken thousands of books of Conscription, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, etc., under my charge all over the U. S., with only six deaths among them all. Winn's and Johnson's experience have taken more than 1000 packages away from my laboratory, and Oakman probably 100 packages to Colorado, Florida, California, and yet my neighbors will not believe my assertion, that indigestible drugs taken into the skin, and yet my acquaintances will not believe him or the writer, but will be experimented upon and die only to benefit the undertaker.
"Call my attention is second only to the clergy and yet they are also apathetic and will not call upon me or investigate Omnipathy; and yet will read in a loud voice Paul's significant declaration, that Omnipathy is the cause of all diseases, and yet they have killed millions of persons; and Dr. McClintock (for 25 years connected with a medical college in Philadelphia) said "Drugs have killed more persons than all wars combined." I am sure that my acquaintances will not believe him or the writer, but will be experimented upon and die only to benefit the undertaker.
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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Have you subscribed for the MINUTEMAN? Now is the time.

The History Class discussed last evening "The Success of the Democratic Party."

The class in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is proving very enjoyable to both old and young.

Mr. Edwin Spaulding's new double house is progressing rapidly and promises to be a large building and an improvement to the street.

Next Sunday morning Rev. G. W. Cooke will preach on "Heroism in Daily Life," and in the evening there will be a fraternity conference on "The Life and Character of Dr. Charles Follen." All are cordially invited to attend.

"The bells, the bells!" How sweet the music they bring to the listening ear! The snow has put a garment of cleanliness and cheerfulness on all nature, in place of the gray dust that has been carrying the germs of disease up and down our streets for so many weeks.

It is impossible and not desirable for us to enter the privacy of each home and beg for news, so often items fail to reach us. We will therefore repeat our request that any news suitable for publication be dropped in Box 41, where it will receive our attention and thanks.

Wednesday evening the "Adams Color Guard" went in a body (there being ten members) to the G. A. R. Hall at the centre, where was a gathering of the Post and Relief Corps. They were all presented with belts, and Capt. Edward G. Wheaton, in a few well chosen words, thanked the donors in behalf of the Guard. Master Edwin G. Worthen is the color bearer. The young soldiers had a fine time and acquitted themselves with much credit under the leadership of their efficient captain.

Last Sunday morning Rev. G. W. Cooke preached on "How to make a free or unsectarian church," which he firmly believes is practicable, and particularly so in our little village where there is but one church—putting creeds out of sight—and emphasizing the good life and good works which grow out of it. In the evening there was a vesper service, and beside hymns and anthems by the choir, there was a solo by Miss Cooke, a quartet by Misses Hadley, Butterfield, Whitton and Adams. Mr. Cooke spoke on "The Religion of the Home."

Saturday evening, January 7, the members of the "E. L. D. C.," who are rehearsing "A Black Diamond" for the next dramatic entertainment, were invited by Mr. Clarence Wilber, who is in the cast of the play, to his home in West Somerville for a rehearsal. After that was finished they were surprised by being invited to partake of an oyster supper. Mr. Wilber, by his kind attentions, contributed much pleasure to his associates and gave them a very pleasant outing.

The second in the series of dramatic entertainments will be held in Village Hall, Wednesday evening, January 18, and will commence promptly at 8 o'clock. It will consist of the comedy, "A Black Diamond," and the farce, "Prof. Baxter's Invention" or "Old Made Young." They are both exceptionally funny, and we urge all to come. The young people are willing to work and earn money to pay the musical director, and it will do the older people good to aid them and laugh and grow young themselves. Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats 35 cents.

Last Saturday afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock, the "Imps" (the ten boys who were in the Christmas operetta) were invited to Mrs. Alfred Pierce's to a "Tiddley Winks" party. They became very much interested in playing the "Progressive Tiddley Winks" game, and Quincy Blanchard and Byron Russell, getting the same number of beans, drew lots, and Quincy Blanchard received a book for the first prize and Byron Russell the second, which was "Maps." Orrin Pierce won the "booby," which was a flute. After the game ice cream and cake were served to them, and they left delighted with their pleasant entertainment.

Died, in East Lexington, January 10 (at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Bradford Smith), Mr. Nathan L. Bryant, aged 63 years, 6 months.

Mr. Bryant was born in Lowell, June, 1829. He afterward resided in Bedford, and then engaged in the ship timber business in Medford with Mr. J. T. Foster. He came to Lexington and was in the milk business here, July 4th, 1861, while firing a salute at Billerica, he lost his right arm below the elbow. For some time he was in the express business between here and Boston, and afterward had a soap manufactory in New Bedford, and for ten years carried on quite an extensive business there. He retired from business several years since and has resided in our village. He was one of the highway surveyors for two years. He was the unmarried member of a large family of fourteen children, and one brother and six sisters survive him. His funeral occurred on Thursday, at the residence of Mr. A. Bradford Smith, Rev. Mr. Cooke officiating. The body was placed in the receiving tomb until spring, when he will be buried at Billerica. Though his health has been poor for some time, he died quite suddenly of paralysis. He was naturally of a pleasant disposition and anxious not to be a

care for others. He was a well informed man, strong in his convictions and free in expressing them, and of remarkably good judgment. He will be missed in the village and also in the home circle, but he is now reunited with the loved ones in another home.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a cough, cold, or any lung, throat or chest trouble and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottle free at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

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old pictures and finish them in any
style.
Best time for sitting between 9.30, a. m.
and 3.30, p. m.

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RECOVER
AND
REPOLISH**

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them as good
as new.

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man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a
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Nov. 11

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ARLINGTON.

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House lots for Sale.

W. ROBINSON,
Regular Jobber,
will clean, lay carpets, whitewash cellars,
clean paint, windows, and all
kinds of odd jobs. Orders received at
Arlington, Mass.
31 June

EASILY MADE HAPPY.

How a Rich Man Learned Some Philosophy on a Rainy Day.

A rich gentleman of my acquaintance got caught in the rain the other day while out for a walk on upper Broadway. He is not only rich, but eccentric, in that he rarely rides and that he walks a great deal. The rain that for a long time fell gently increased in quantity and was caught up by the rising wind and shot into faces and doorways, where people hopefully huddled for the time, and beat upon the awnings and signs as if in mad desire to crush them and get at the hearts of those who had sought temporary shelter there.

The gentleman, although protected by a stout umbrella, was finally driven to one of these awnings, whence he peered up and down for any stray cab that might come that way.

By this process he saw a man coming down the street, dodging from awning to awning and doorway to doorway. There were hundreds of people going and coming, pushing or pulling umbrellas, or who, enveloped from head to heels in waterproofs, went edging along with one ear turned down to windward, as if to split the storm. But this particular man commanded his attention because he had no umbrella and no waterproof and although the day was cold not even an overcoat. He ran awhile, then paused in some friendly shelter to repeat the run to the next, finally bringing up under the same awning with my friend.

Like most rich men of the world my friend is suspicious of his kind unless they come properly introduced. But he looked at this specimen of humanity and saw at a glance that it was a very wet specimen, plainly and lightly clad, but with a frank, manly, German countenance. Not having been addressed by it, he felt still more interested.

"Bad day for you," he said pleasantly. "Yes, for anybody," replied the man, folding his arms across his water soaked bosom.

"Got far to go?"
"Right good bit," said the specimen.
"You'd better take a street car. Here comes one going right down Broadway."
"No, I'm going over on the other side and then down the Bowery."
"Well, that is a 'good bit,' but you can get a car over there," remarked my friend.

The specimen laughed. "A street car is too rich for my blood today," said he. "Oh, I've got the money," he added, seeing the cynical look that came into the gentleman's face, "but I want that for something else. That's the reason I'm footing it. I'll get wet, but when I get down to the place I can get dried out for a glass of beer."

The perfect confidence of the specimen in his programme elicited the echo: "For a glass of beer?"
"Oh, yes! You see, I don't stop at an expensive hotel. It's the Palmer House, down in Chatham square, and—"

"Chatham square? Why, that's miles from here!"

"I know that well enough, but I'll get there in an hour or two," was the cheerful reply. "When I do I'll buy a glass of beer, and they will let me dry out before the big stove. I can't get much wetter. If I took a street car, you see, I'd have no beer and no place to dry." He laughed again.

"You don't seem to mind it much."
"Mind it! What's the use? I'll be fixed all right in a day or two. And as for a little water—laugh!" The specimen shook himself like a young spaniel. "Well, I must be running or I'll get cold," said he, and he started off without more preliminary.

"Hold on there!" shouted the astonished gentleman. "Come back here a moment." The specimen came slowly back, but he shivered in spite of his air of indifference.

"How much money have you got?"
"Fifteen cents if I walk—ten cents if I ride," the specimen replied rather shamefacedly.

"Well, here; you ride." He put a half dollar into the specimen's hand.

The specimen looked at it a moment like a flash, and catching the giver's hand before it could be withdrawn mutely pressed it to his lips. There had been nothing cringing or sycophantic or whining. There was nothing of the sort now. It was a grateful, impulsive exhibition of genuine gratitude for just one instant: then with frank and gleaming eyes he said:

"Ride? And I'll eat too—and sleep in a bed! I'm the happiest man in New York!"

And the specimen dashed down the street through the pelting rain, cut into Thirty-fifth street and disappeared toward the east side. And the rich gentleman looked up at the cloud riven sky, shook the folds out of his silk umbrella and started buoyantly down Broadway, saying softly, "The happiest man in New York!"—New York Herald.

Letter of a Suicide.

An octogenarian general left a letter lately defending the propriety of his suicide. Said he:

When an individual life has run its cycle and become a waste of nature in the body, overwhelming its mental and physical qualities with weakness and pain to an intolerable degree, it may with all propriety be removed.

Such being the case with the life of the writer, his apology to the world is by these terms made through his most beloved and most intimate friends, who, he trusts, will appreciate the relief to him from ceaseless distress, which, in his opinion, ought to be brought by the physician who is summoned with his drugs, surely for that purpose, but not for cure.—Boston Globe.

A Snake in a Bag of Potatoes.

A man purchased a bag of potatoes at the Cape Town market, and when the potatoes were turned out at his home he discovered that a puff adder was included in the bargain. That viper must have been cautions indeed to have expended no venom during its transit, and it is to be hoped that the potatoes were well examined after being in such company. The colonists are wonderfully expert in dealing with such quarry.—Cape Town Letter.

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Some Death Losses Paid by the Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co.

From Oct. 20, 1892, to Nov. 20, 1892.

No. of Policy.	Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death.	Amount of Policy Including Additions.	Premiums Paid Less Dividends.	Profit on Investment.
2,012	Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.,	\$1,000	\$166.26	\$833.64
12,328	John B. Stewart, Auburndale, Mass.,	2,000	545.54	1,454.46
10,251	Catharine M. Hoss, Philadelphia, Pa.,	4,827	2,619.70	2,207.30
45,521	Andrew J. Houghton, Crookline, Mass.,	5,000	2,414.15	2,585.85
48,357	Warren E. Pever, Rambridge, Mass.,	5,000	2,309.35	2,690.65
54,229	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.,	1,500	480.83	1,019.17
65,888	Simeon B. Folsom, Dover, N. H.,	15,000	3,701.12	11,298.88
70,419	William Morris, Covington, Ky.,	2,000	285.80	1,714.20
73,601	William Morris, Covington, Ky.,	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
77,786	John H. Pope, Forest City, Ark.,	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
79,192	William M. Runk, Philadelphia, Pa.,	10,000	1,412.20	8,587.80

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GEORGE O. RUSSELL,
INSURANCE AGENT,
225 Arlington Ave.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.
Boston Office, No. 55 Kilby Street, Room 1.

Boston & Maine Railroad. LOWELL SYSTEM.

On and after Nov'r 26, 1892, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Reformatory Station, at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.25, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.15, 8.05, 9.40, a. m.; 12.80, 3.15, 4.10, 5.55, p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.25, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.25, 7.30, 8.10, 9.46, a. m.; 12.36, 3.21, 4.17, 6.00, p. m.; Sunday, 8.38, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.35, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 10.20, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m. 12.50, 4.30, 6.00, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.45, 6.34, 7.00, 7.25, 8.19, 9.57, a. m.; 12.45, 3.33, 4.40, 4.30, 6.10, 8.55, p. m.; Sunday, 8.17, 9.04, a. m.; 12.30, 2.00, 4.46, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.20, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.05, 5.55, 6.43, 7.09, 7.41, 8.00, 8.28, 8.45, 9.35, 10.06, 11.05, a. m.; 12.00, 12.55, 2.25, 3.42, 3.52, 4.38, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 9.05, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday, 8.20, 9.16, a. m.; 12.45, 2.10, 3.00, 4.56, 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.15, 6.06, 6.52, 7.19, 7.47, 8.10, 8.34, 8.28, 9.39, 10.12, 11.15, a. m.; 12.40, 1.05, 2.30, 3.48, 4.11, 4.45, 5.55, 6.25, 6.54, 9.14, 10.19, p. m.; Sunday, 8.56, 9.26, a. m.; 12.54, 2.50, 3.11, 5.06, 8.25, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.35, 2.10, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.05, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.20, 6.14, 6.50, 7.27, 7.52, 8.16, 8.39, 9.06, 9.45, 10.17, 11.21, a. m.; 12.15, 12.35, 1.11, 2.41, 3.15, 3.53, 4.18, 4.51, 5.33, 6.01, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.20, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 8.42, 9.34, a. m.; 1.00, 2.26, 3.18, 5.13, 8.31.

LEAVE Arlington for Lowell at 7.06, 10.32, a. m.; 4.04, 6.10, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington for Lowell at 7.30, 10.34, a. m.; 4.20, 6.24, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell for Lexington and Arlington at 5.50, 8.25, a. m.; 3.00, 5.40, p. m.
D. J. FLAHERS,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

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TIME TABLE.

Arlington to Bowdoin Sq.
Route No. 707 (4m-1h, 45m)—Via Arlington Ave., North Ave., Harvard St., Main, West Boston bridge, Cambridge, to Bowdoin Sq. Return, via Green and Chambers, thence same route.
Time—First car 5.47, a. m., then every 20 minutes to 9.47, 10.17, p. m. First car leaves Bowdoin sq. at 6.40, a. m., then every 20 minutes to 10.40, 11.10, p. m.
Sunday—First car 8.17, 30 minutes to 9.47, 10.17, 30 minutes to 11.47, a. m.; 15 minutes to 9.17, 9.47, 10.17, p. m., last car. Return 50 min. later.
Turnout, Pleasant St. Winter street, Railroad Crossing, Henderson street, Arlington House, Tannery st., No. Cam Franklin street, Railroad Crossing, Wyman street, North Ave. Stables, Tufts Street.

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BEFORE THE BLOSSOM.

In the tassel time of spring
Love's the only song to sing;
Ere the ranks of solid shade
Hide the bluebird's flitting wing.
While in open fields of glad
No mysterious sound of thing
Haunt of green has found or made,
Love's the only song to sing.

Though in May each bush be dressed
Like a bride, and every nest
Learn Love's joyous repeat,
Yet the half told tale is best
At the budding—with its end
Much too secret to be guessed,
And its fancies that attend
April's passion fine expressed.

Love and Nature communing
Gave us Aready. Still ring—
Vales across and groves among—
Wistful memories, echoing
Pan's far off and fluty song.
Poet, nothing harsher sing:
Be, like Love and Nature, young
In the tasseltime of spring.

—Robert N. Johnson.

A STRUGGLIN CHIEL.

It's a' about my ainsel, when I was yet
Auld Dunblane. Fayther's wee bit o'
a cottage was by the noo famous cath-
edral ruins that are visited by tourists
frae a' parts. Some auld beeches pro-
tected us frae the summer's heat an' win-
ter's cauld, an' we were vera hoppy the-
gether afore oor separation. But we
were sae puir i' those far back days!
Mother wore the same mantee year
after year, an' fayther's claes an' mine
were always o' raploch, a vera coarse
cloth. Yet oor chimls leg was a warn
spot an' I hae na seen its equal sin'. Fay-
ther was simply unlucky, an' mither an
me offen suffered i' consequence. Sae
little o' benk learnin fell to my share,
nor did I blame my parents for it. But
I had my ain way to mak', an' I sune re-
solved that I wad gae to Edinburgh to
mak' it. But puir mither wadna willin'.
"Better bid at hame, laddie," she wad
whisper again an' again. "Stay wi' fay-
ther an' me, an' dinna fret."

"But we'll be sae starvin'!" I wad argue
i' turn. "Better let me gang awa' i'
search o' siller."

"No, Jockie! Dinna think about it!
Edinburgh is a braw town an' a wicked
one! Dunblane an' the Allan are far
better."

Sae, though I secretly rebelled, I still
staid i' the auld hame, wi' little to eat
save waterbroses, which mither made o'
meal an' water, wi'oot the pleasant addi-
tion o' milk an' butter.

An then cam' the struggle of which I
mann tell, richt there i' Dunblane. I
warked wi' fayther at any day's labor
that cam' to his diligent hand, an' one-
mornin mornin it chanced to be oot Kip-
perous way. We walked along the
Allan i' silence, niver ance lookin up at
the grand auld beeches owreheid, for
we were baith thinkin an' thinkin hard.
My een were on the ground, or I wadna
hae foun w'at I did. It was something
brecht an' shinin directly i' my path, an'
I stoop an' pokkit it i' a flash.

"W'at was it?" askt fayther carelessly.
"A braw bit o' a pebble," I answered.
"It can gae on mither's shelf." An' wi'
that we hurried on to the wark that
waited us.

But many times that day I drew forth
the stane an' lenkt it owre. That it was
mair than a pebble I had kenned at first
glance. If it was really a diamond, who
was its owner? There were lairds an'
ladies na sae far awa', an' they often cam'
to walk along the bonnie Allan. Perhaps
a hue and cry wad be raised about the
lost jewel. Or it might hae lain for
weeks, juist where I foun it, and there
wad be na further question. I' the latter
case I could gae to Edinburgh an' sell my
lucky find, an' sae get a start i' life, such
as I had lang hoped for. I didna stop to
think how wrang it wad be, for I had
but my ain selfish advancement in view.

"Where's the pebble you foun for
mither, Jock?" askt fayther that nicht.
"I mann hae lost it again," I stam-
mered, for it was my first lie to either
him or mither. I wanted to tell them
the trowth then an' there, but yet I kep'
it back because I was sae plackless, for
they wad baith say: "Your pebble may
prove a diamond, an' you mann find it
rightfu' owner, Jockie Blacklock!" But
that wadna be a' to my notion, an' I stole
out under the moon an' stars instead,
to be alone wi' my struggle, t'ween recht
and wrang. An ivry ance an' awhile I
wad lenk the stane in my pokkit owre.

W'at a sparkle it had! Perhaps it was
worth a hundred pounds or mair! An
whos was it? Weel, I hoped then that
I might never ken.

But the vera next nicht, as I cam'
slow from work along the Allan, I saw
a man i' a braw velvet plaid seerchin'
the spot where I had foun my stane.
He had a blackthorn stick i' his han,
an' he was scatterin the beech leaves
recht an' lef. A second glance tauld
me it was auld Laird Kinross, o' Edin-
burgh, who had a shootin box near by.
He didna lenk up at my approach, an' I
juist stood an' watched him i' silence. I
wanted to pass on, but somehow I
couldna do it, for the brecht thing he
seercht for was in my pokkit. Conscience
whispered, "Be honest an' true, Jock
Blacklock!" But satan shoutit: "Keep
the auld laird's stane! He has many
sinners, an' this ane will gie you a stert
i' Edinburgh." Sae I hesitated for a
spell.

But Laird Kinross lenkt up at las'.
"My gude lad," he said kindly, "I hae
lost a diamond o' mooch value. It was
yestermorn when we cam' through to the
hunt, an' it was recht here by the Allan.
Perhaps you hae heard o' its findin'."

An' the gude God aboon gie me
strength to answer, "I hae, my laird."
He keen gray een quickly lenkt me
owre. "You may hae foun it your ainsel."

An' I answered again: "I did that, my
laird, an' here is your precious stane. It
has been a load on my heart an' con-
science, though light as a feather i'
my pokkit."

"You wanted to keep it?" he spert as
he tuk it frae my tramblin han."

post Burns' gude friend, Dr. Blacklock."
"I dima ken. I fear na," I returned.
"I mann just the son o' my fayther, James
Blacklock, an' he's Dunblane born!"
"How wad you like to gae to Edin-
burgh?" he spert next.
My heart gie'd a great bound. "It's the
ane wish o' my life!" I cried.
The old laird smiled. "Ane o' my
frien's there is a banker. He needs an
honest lad o' your aige, an' you shall
hae the place as sune as you wish."

I fell on my knees i' gratitude, but he
bid me rise at ance. "Hae you a mither,
Jock?" he spert again.
"Aye, my laird."
"Then tak' me to her an' we'll arrange
about the Edinburgh matter."

I led the way to oor cottage wi' falter-
ing footstep. I had lied to fayther aboot
the "pebble," an' how could I confess it
a' to mither? She met us at the door-
stane wi' wond'rin een, courtesyin low,
as was her humble fashion.

"I am Laird Kinross," the auld noble-
man began. "Your son Jock foun an re-
stored to me the diamond I had lost, an'—"

But juist here my ain fayther stepped
out. "Was it the pebble you lied to me
aboot, Jock?"

An' I had to admit that it was. Oh,
the shame an' sorrow o' w'at wad other-
wise hae bin the proodest minute o' my
life.

"It was a sair temptation," said gude
Laird Kinross. "Dinna be hard on the
lad. He is as honest as you an' his mither
would wish him, an' I hae come to tak'
him awa' to Edinburgh, wi' your con-
sent."

Fayther lenkt at mither, mither lenkt
at fayther, an' then they baith lenkt at
Laird Kinross. But I couldna lenk ane
o' them i' the een, because o' yestreen's
falschood.

"Ye wad want Jock?" he stammered. "Oor
puir, weak Jock. Ye wad trust him
aifter a'?"

"Aye," said Laird Kinross, "a gude
place i' an Edinburgh bank awaits him
if he will but tak' it, wi' your permis-
sion."

"Oh, Jockie!" sighed mither, "I wad
hae staked my ain life on your trowth,
but noo!"

"He shall mak' a fresh start!" pit i' the
gude auld laird. "An' you mann trust
him again for his youth's sake!"

"That we will, mither!" cried fayther.
"Jock's a steady goin lad, but the findin
o' the diamond turned his heid. It was
his first lie, an'—"

"It shall be my las'!" I cried, wi' a
burst o' tears.

Mither kissed me then, an' Laird Kin-
ross tuk frae his pokkit a heavy purse,
also puttin a han fu' o' gowd on the ha'
table. "It's for Jock's outfit an' his find-
in o' my diamond," he said. "Dinna re-
fuse it! the laddie deserves it a'; an' on
the morrow he shall gae wi' me to Edin-
burgh."

Sae fayther an' mither thanked him
heartily, but I couldna say a word.

Laird Kinross pit his ungloved han on
my worthless heid at partin—"Puir
laddie," he said. "It will be a gude les-
son to you, an' one you will niver forget.
God keep you a' till the morrow!" An'
wi' that he ganged awa', his braw plaid
flyin back on the stiff mornin breeze.

Then I turned me quick to dear fay-
ther an' mither. "Forgie!" I cried. "I
hae deceived you baith! But it shall na
occur again! I promise to be true an'
honest to the day o' my death an' ne'er
disgrace the name you hae given me!"

"You hae our blessing to tak' wi' you
to Edinburgh," said fayther. "Mither
an' me will forgie an' try to forget if we
can, but it was a lie you told me, Jock;
always remember that. When you are
tempted again say to yourself, 'I told
fayther my first an' las' lie. I cannna
tell anither!'"

"Nor will I," I cried sadly, as mither
kist me ance mair.

I went to Edinburgh the next day wi'
Laird Kinross, as agreed upon. Mr.
Brayham, the banker, proved a gude
maister. My position at the first was
a lowly ane, but step by step I rose, as
any ither laddie can o' gowd. Laird
Kinross' generous handfu' o' gowd kept
fayther an' mither free frae want till I
was able to help them my ainsel!

I cam' to America at las', an' they didna
hesitate to come wi' me. I prospered
here also an' am noo called a mon o'
means. But the foundation o' my suc-
cess was laid the autumn mornin I re-
stored to Laird Kinross his braw dia-
mond against my own selfish desire.

Fayther an' mither died five years
apart, an' they baith died blessing me.
"You hae been a gude son," they said
i' turn, "honest an' true, as you promist.
God keep you, Jockie, to the end!"

An' their loving blessing follows me
still like a constant benediction. Surely
they are watchin and waitin aboon. An'
I mann meet them there.—Mrs. Finley
Braden in New York Observer.

Proper Ventilation of Rooms.

There are various contrivances for
ventilating rooms, all of which are more
or less expensive and a large majority of
them quite worthless. The best way to
ventilate a room is by means of open
fires. However, open fires are not suf-
ficiently warm in winter, and there are
few houses that are provided with the
ideal heating arrangement of modified
steam heat with grates. Lacking this
and indeed under any circumstances, a
sleeping room or a sitting room should
be, so to put it, washed out with pure
air every day.

Whatever the temperature outside,
every window should be opened, and the
outer air allowed to pour through it
from ten to twenty minutes each day.
As a rule rooms are kept too warm. No
room should be kept heated beyond a
temperature of 66 degs. The system of
a person living in a superheated atmo-
sphere becomes so vitiated that it shivers
at the slightest change and takes cold on
the least provocation.—New York Tele-
gram.

One Test of Economy.

The Husband—You're not economical.
The Wife—Well, if you don't call a
woman economical who saves her wed-
ding dress for a possible second marriage,
I'd like to know what you think economy
is.—Exchange.

Seashore, Forest, and Mountain

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AN ANGRY INSPECTOR.

Mrs. Helen Hunt's Experience in a Museum
in Copenhagen.

One of the sights of Copenhagen is the
Rosenborg castle collection, officially
known as the "Chronological Collection
of the Kings of Denmark." When Mrs.
Helen Hunt went to see it she bought a
"full ticket," so as to insure the entire
attention of the museum inspector. He
was a handsome man, fifty years old or
more, and when he began to speak Eng-
lish the visitor's delight was unbounded.
What an afternoon she should have!
"I am sorry," she said, "that we have so
short a time in which to see these beau-
tiful and interesting collections. Two
hours is nothing!" "Oh, I shall explain
to you everything," he said, and he pro-
ceeded to throw open the doors of mys-
terious wall closets. Says Mrs. Hunt:

The first thing he pointed out to me
was the famous Oldenborg horn, said to
have been given to Count Otto of Olden-
borg by a mountain nymph in a forest
one day in the year 909. As he pointed
to it I opened my catalogue to find the
place where it was mentioned, that I
might make on the margin some notes
of points that I wished to recollect. I
might have been looking at it for per-
haps half a minute when thundering
from the mouth of my splendid Dane
came:

"Do you prefer that you read it in the
catalogue than that I tell you?"

I am not sure, but my impression is
I actually jumped at his tone. I know
I was frightened. I explained to him
that I was not looking for it in the cata-
logue to read then and there, but only
to associate what I saw with its place
and with the illustrations in the cata-
logue, and to make notes for future use.
He hardly heard a word I said. Putting
out his hand and waving my poor cata-
logue away, he said:

"It is all there. You shall find every-
thing there as I tell you. Will you lis-
ten?"

Quite cowed, I tried to listen, but I
found that without my marginal notes
I should remember nothing. I opened
my catalogue again. The very sight of
it seemed to act upon him like a scarlet
flag on a bull.

Instantly he burst out upon me again.
In vain I tried to stem the tide of his
angry words, and the angrier he got the
less intelligible became his English.

"Perhaps you take me for a servant in
this museum," he said. "Perhaps my
name is as good in my country as yours
is in your own!"

"Oh, do—do listen to me one minute!"
I said. "If you will only hear me I
think I can make you understand. I do
improve you not to be angry."

"I am not angry. I have listened to
you every time—too many times. I have
not time to listen any more."

This he said so angrily that I felt the
tears coming into my eyes. I was in de-
spair. I turned to Harriet and said,
"Very well, Harriet, we will go."

"You shall not go!" he exclaimed.

"Twenty years I have shown this mu-
seum and never yet was any one before
dissatisfied with what I tell them. I
have myself written this catalogue you
carry. Now I will nothing say, and you
can ask if you wish I should explain any-
thing."

He folded his arms and stepped back,
the very image of a splendid man in a
sulk. I hesitated what to do, but at last
I gulped down my wounded feelings and
went on looking and making notes.

Presently he began to cool down, to
see his mistake. In less than half an hour
he had ceased to be hostile, and before
the end of the hour he had become friend-
ly, and more. He seized both my hands
in his, exclaiming:

"We shall be good friends—good! You
must come again to Rosenberg; you
must see it all. I will myself show you
every room. No matter who sends to
come in, they shall not be admitted. I
go alone with you."

A Story About the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is cur-
rent among French and German chil-
dren. The flower has five petals and five
sepals. In most pansies, especially of
the earlier and less highly developed
varieties, two of the petals are plain in
color and three are gay. The two plain
petals have a single sepal, two of the
gay petals have a sepal each, and the
third, which is the largest of all, has two
sepals. The fable is that the pansy rep-
resents a family consisting of husband,
wife and four daughters, two of the lat-
ter being stepchildren of the wife.

The plain petals are the stepchildren,
with only one cha.; the two small gay
petals are the daughters, with a chair
each, and the large gay petal is the wife,
with two chairs. To find the father one
must strip away the petals until the
stamens and pistils are bare. They have
a fanciful resemblance to an old man
with a flannel wrap about his neck,
his shoulders upraised and his feet in a
bathtub.—Detroit Free Press.

A Refractory Youth.

A child four years old is the son of a
man who is almost abnormally pious.
This youth was told to go to see a fam-
ily visitor who had incautiously shown
an interest in him. Instead of doing so
he backed away, lodged himself in a
corner, and with a convincing shake of
the head and flourish of the fists ex-
claimed: "I won't, I won't, I won't, for
Jesus' sake. Amen."—New York Re-
corder.

Breaking It Gently.

"Mrs. Small," said the lodger to his
landlady, "I thought you didn't allow
smoking in the parlor?"

"I don't," replied Mrs. Small with en-
ergy. "Who's doing it, I'd like to know?"
"Well, if you have time you might
step in and reconstrate with the lamp."
—Exchange.

To Dispute an Orange.

It is not generally known that an
orange hit in the exact center by a rifle
ball will vanish as soon from sight
as a bullet, however, is the fact. It is not
known that the center of an orange is
the only place where it is not as hard
as a nut. It is not known that an orange
hit in the exact center by a rifle ball
will vanish as soon from sight as a bullet,
however, is the fact. It is not known
that the center of an orange is the only
place where it is not as hard as a nut.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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renew them at short notice.

A Railroad Pass That Never Came.
An old neighbor of the Goulds at Roxbury, Delaware county, told a story about the millionaire's visit to his old home in the midst of one of his busiest financial seasons.
"Jay and I was always good friends," said the old man, "which is more'n I can say for him and most of the other folks here. You see, old John Gould married my sister for his second wife, and there was always more or less of a family feeling between the Goulds and us. Says I to Jay: 'Why don't you come and see us once in awhile? You're always going to get the best we have, you know.' Jay said 'suthin' 'bout bein' always hayin' season with him and couldn't spare the time. There wasn't anythin' he'd like as much as to visit up here, for he liked the old folks, he said. He asked me how I'd like to go down to York. I said farming was not so good as it was and money was mighty scarce. He said that was all right, an then he fumbled around his pockets for something, but it was not there. He explained that he thought he had his book with him, so that he could give me a pass for myself and my wife down to York, but he must have forgotten it and left it at home. He said he'd send the pass to me; but if he sent it I never did one must have got it, for I never did. I was a-speakin' 'bout it afterward down at the hotel, and the boys said it was most likely Jay Gould never sent it. One thing anyhow I'm certain of—that is, if he had that air book with him that time we met he'd a writ out that air pass."—New York World.

Getting the Most Out of the Horse.
The art of getting the most out of horse flesh on the line of march is one which needs study and practice to every whit the same extent as do race riding or the haute école, and therefore feats of endurance should form part of an officer's education as well as those upon the tan or between the flags.
To cover many miles with success a man must, first of all, study his own condition, and while he makes his charger fit must not forget to render himself so. He should carefully watch how his horse takes its food and vary the amount of it, the time of feeding and the nature of forage, so as to insure that the animal derives the maximum amount of benefit from the nourishment it takes.
Then he should endeavor by experiment to discover the pace which suits its conformation best and the most judicious manner of varying it, so as to afford relief to the muscles and yet get over the ground.
The particular pace that best suits the animal having been arrived at, it should be trained to go at that pace evenly and methodically and with the regularity of a machine. And care should be taken never to stretch the bow to the utmost, or the subsequent reaction will more than counterbalance the present gain.—London Saturday Review.

Scavengers of Conversation.
"Deliver me from what some author has called the 'scavengers of daily conversation,' who gather up the literary refuse on every side to offend the intellectual nostrils of the thoughtful." And Colonel Marcus Baermann stretched himself in his chair and proceeded to explain. "A dude with a thimbleful of brains won a basket of champagne from me on the bet that q-u-i-r-e meant a band of singers—which it does, though q-u-i-r is another way of spelling it—and ten minutes afterward a street car conductor used the word 'transpire' for 'perspire' and won a box of cigars from me on that.
"The latest is the case of a drummer for a Boston shoe house, who is sixty years old if he is a day, and whose gray hairs ought to indicate some faint gleams of intelligence, and yet who soberly asked me the pronunciation and meaning of the word 'bac-kac-he,' and when I told him I did not know coolly said it was pronounced 'backache,' and meant a pain in the back. Of course such people are afflicted with paresis, but oughtn't they to be restrained in some way?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Three" in Mythology.
In mythology we find the three (3) occupying even a more honorable place than the so called "mythical No. 7." There were the Three Graces, Cerebus with his three heads, Neptune holding his three trined fork, to say nothing of the Nine Muses, which are made up of three threes, and the third wave, which was thought to bring death and destruction to everything in its path. In nature we have morning, noon and night; fish, flesh and fowl. Hundreds of trees, vines and grasses have their leaves and blades set in groups of three.—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Looking Postage Stamps.
The postage stamps of China are queer looking specimens with their wriggling, crawling dragons stamped upon them. The Turkish stamps are quite pretty, and are nearly all adorned by the crescent and star. The stamps of Paraguay present a fine appearance, the main design being a lion supporting a pole which is surmounted by a liberty cap. The stamps of England have undergone fewer changes than any other country and have suffered no change whatever in the main design, the portrait of the queen.—Ohio State Journal.

Quite a Relief.
Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can't swear.
Wife—No, but I can think with all my might and main what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.—New York Weekly.

A SLUMBER SONG.
Sleep, oh, sleep, my lambs a-weary!
Shining sunbeams all are o'er.
Tis the time when little children
Sail away to Slumber shore.
Gilding, gilding to the music
Of a tender lullaby,
Gently drift the little children
When the stars come out on high.
Oh, the lovely flowers that open
Right across the slumber sea!
Float away, my birds that twitter,
For the dreamship waits for ye.
Softly to the swaying grasses
Fall the gracious drops of dew,
Yet more softly at the gloaming
Close the bairn's eyes of blue.

The First Sleeping Car.
No single thing has contributed more to the comfort of modern life than the Pullman car. Its inventor, George M. Pullman, worked out the details of his invention while a merchant in Colorado in 1859. In 1864 he carried his idea to Chicago and employed a master car-builder of the Alton road at a salary of \$100 a month to superintend the construction of a model car. The inventor was determined that it should be the handsomest car in all respects that had ever been made in the country. He came on to New York and here happened to meet the artist who had just decorated the house of Samuel J. Tilden. He at once closed with this artist, took him west and set him at work decorating the car.
When the Pioneer was finished it had cost the extraordinary sum of \$18,000, a large price even now for a sleeping car. It was a wonder to everybody. It was just as Mr. Pullman had expected. The beauty of the finish and the marvelous innovation he had made were advertised far and near by the newspapers and by railroad men, and some of the latter began to believe that the ideas of the inventor after all were practicable.—New York Herald.

A Suit of Wilkie Collins' Clothes.
The tweed suit that Wilkie Collins purchased in Philadelphia as he passed through the city so many years ago is still here. The novelist by accident ruined one that he brought over with him by spilling broth over it and stepped across Chestnut street to invest in a new one before returning to his hotel. Collins instructed the tailor to send the spoiled one to his rooms, and when he gave his name the clothier said, "Are you the author of 'No Name' and 'Armadale'?" Wilkie had to own up, and the tailor was overcome with pleasure, announcing that he was the most sincere admirer of Collins in America. Unfortunately the suit was not a good fit, but the novelist had too much delicacy to acquaint his sincere admirer with the fact. So the garments were relegated to George H. Boker's attic, where they remained over a generation.—Philadelphia Press.

A Great Favor.
He was in his study on a Saturday night when a visitor was announced, and there entered one of his subterranean parishioners, who, having cautiously looked round to see that there were no listeners, addressed his clergyman with an air of grave, mysterious importance: "Mester Whitworth, you've been very kind to my old girl when she wor sick so long abed, and I want to do yer a good turn, and I can do yer a good turn. There's going to be the gradeliest dog fight in this place to-morrow, and I can get yer into the inner ring!"—Dean Hole's "Memories."

The Height of the Atmosphere.
Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that that distance may be regarded as the limit to its sensible extent; but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of a hundred miles.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Striking Heights.
Sir William Don, when quartered with his regiment at Nottingham, was walking in the market place, and was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him: "Sir William, me and my mate 'as got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we wants to know yer 'ight." Sir William answered, "My height is 6 feet 7, and yours is the height of impudence."—London Journal.

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Hadn't Thought of It in That Light.
A lady who has recently returned from traveling in Europe tells of a wise man whom she met, who seems to have been a cousin of the famous wise men of Gotham who put a fence around a bush to keep in the nightingale who was singing there.
She was going northward to visit North Cape and to see the midnight sun. On the steamer she made the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman who said that he was traveling simply for pleasure and the improvement of his mind and who seemed to be a person of much learning. She was especially struck with his knowledge of astronomy, and they talked on this subject a good deal.
"You must have given a great deal of attention to the study of the stars," she said to him one day.
"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have been interested in the subject for years, and I have made it one of my chief occupations as well as pleasures. It is really because of my love for astronomy that I decided to take this trip."
"How was that?" she asked.
"It occurred to me," he said, "that so far north as we are going the constellations must be seen to greater advantage than they are farther south. The air is clearer, and the northern stars of course can be seen much better."
"But, my dear sir," she said, somewhat astonished, "I do not see how you expect to study the stars to advantage by daylight, and what we are going to see is the sun at the time when it does not set at all."
An expression of astonishment and dismay came over the face of the wise man.
"I don't see how I can have been so stupid," he exclaimed, "but really I never thought of that until this moment!"—Youth's Companion.

A Good Place for Ducks.
"The client of a friend of mine who came from the land of St. Patrick erected in the Twenty-fourth ward of New York city a structure with pilasters of lath for the facade and with rusty tin for the roof, with a cellar below for fowl—chickens in this case," says General Horace Porter. "Mr. Muldoon went to the commissioner of public works with this statement: 'My name is Muldoon, of the Twenty-fourth ward. I control forty votes. I keep chickens in the cellar, and there is water in it. I want it cleared out, or I shall throw me forty votes against your par-ty.' Muldoon was advised to go to the fire department. He went there, and he said: 'My name is Muldoon. I control forty votes. I want the water pumped out or I'll cast them—forty votes for a naygur.' The fire commissioners said they would be glad to pump out the water, but Muldoon had better see the mayor."
"The mayor, who was Mr. Grace, received him with that bland air which he always wore when he did not intend to give any attention to a complainant. Muldoon repeated his story, saying, 'If you don't get the water out, I'll give my forty votes to a haythen Chinese.' The mayor sent Muldoon to the board of aldermen, where Muldoon's friend, McGuffin, a countryman of his and a member of the board, engraved on the tablet of Muldoon's memory the intellectual remark, 'I was just thinkin the party would stand it much longer if you could be induced to keep ducks.'"—New York World.

The modern form of football involves excitements of a very dangerous kind. The players put into it the utter recklessness of soldiers on the battlefield.
Some barbers pack the face after shaving in towels saturated with hot water, and very soothing and refreshing it is too.
It has been discovered that the weight required to crush a square inch of brick varies from 1,200 to 4,500 pounds.
"The physician," says Brown, "is the man who tells you that you need change and then takes all you have."

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He Built One of the Pyramids.
The British museum, the great European storehouse of things out of the ordinary, has hundreds of Egyptian mummies of all dynasties carefully stowed away within its walls. Some of these are comparatively recent efforts at embalming, and others date back to the "wide revolving shades of centuries past." The oldest of the entire collection is the mummy of Mykerinos. He was a king in Egypt in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty," and wore his golden tiara and sat on the throne of thrones 4,000 years before the wise men followed the star of fate till it stopped over that lowly hovel in Bethlehem where the infant Jesus lay.
Mykerinos was the builder of the third pyramid at Ghizeh, where his headless mummy was discovered in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty," and wore his golden tiara and sat on the throne of thrones 4,000 years before the wise men followed the star of fate till it stopped over that lowly hovel in Bethlehem where the infant Jesus lay.
The stone coffin in which he was being transported to England was lost at sea and lay at the bottom of the ocean for two years before being recovered. It is seldom that a man's bones are subjected to vicissitudes, especially 5,000 or 6,000 years after his death.—St. Louis Republic.

Life of an Italian Signalmen.
A signalmen in Italy has a remarkably easy time of it in comparison with his British brethren. This is of course partly due to the greater leisureliness of railway traffic in the peninsula, but is partly also the outcome of the conditions under which he is required or permitted to ply his calling. He is always married—if he were a bachelor he would not be employed—and his little cabin beside the railway is also his home. He is free during the daytime, at least, to engage in any other occupation he may desire. When a train passes his wife puts on his hat—an official covering—and goes out to give the necessary signal with the flag. The wages amount to about a franc and a half a day.—London Tit-Bits.

An Ancient Work on Angling.
The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the Haliectica of Oppian, a Greek poet, who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to the ancients. We also learn from Athenaeus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.—American Angler.

Real Sacrifice.
"That was a sacrifice?"
"What?"
"Barton wouldn't go bathing at Scarborough because he didn't want people to know he had a cork leg, but when a girl who snubbed him was thought to be drowning Barton took the leg off and threw it out to her. It saved her life."
—Exchange.

We may render the words of one language literally into those of another and yet lose the very spirit of the whole, but there are cases of what may be called "sympathetic translation."

An ingeniously worthy of a better cause was shown by a man and his wife in the lookout at Bath the other day. They were in separate but adjoining cells, and managed to keep up domestic happiness under these difficulties by playing a game of high-low-jack through a crack in the partition.—Lewiston Journal.

Soulless Corporations.
Child—I don't believe the canal companies cares much for children.
Mother—Why not?
Child—In the summer they put the water in, so we'll get drowned, and in the winter they let the water out, so we can't skate.—Good News.

La grippe has made such terrible ravages among us that the smile that once arose when reference was made to it has now changed into a grave and very serious expression.

Old Rooster—What have you stopped laying for?
Old Hen—It's too cold.
Old Rooster—Huh! Just like you females. Quick as it gets cool enough for me to crow without getting into a perspiration you quit laying.—Good News.

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BOSTON & MAINE, Lowell Depot, 11 A. M. Lv. Boston via Boston & Maine, Southern Division, Concord & Montreal Central Vermont, Grand Trunk and Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 9.30 P. M., next evening, only one night out. Fare, \$18.00. First-class. Has Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.
***NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.**
FITCHBURG Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, West Shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago next evening at 9.30 P. M. Fare, \$21.00. Has Sleeping Car to Niagara Falls, Sleeping Car Niagara Falls to Chicago.
NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.
FITCHBURG Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, West Shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago at 8.00 P. M., the second morning. First-class Fare, \$21.00. Has Sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.
***MONTREAL LINE.**
BOSTON & MAINE Lowell Depot, 7.15 P. M. Lv. Boston via Boston & Maine, Concord & Montreal Central Vermont, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago the second afternoon at 4.50 P. M. First-class Fare only \$18.00. Has Wagner Sleeping Car Boston to Montreal, Pullman Sleeping Car Montreal to Chicago.
L. J. Seargent, N. J. Power, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Montreal, P. Q.
W. Wainwright, N. J. Grace, Asst. Gen'l Manager, N. E. Pass. Agt., 200 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
*Daily, Sunday included. 29/July 14

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183 BOYLSTON STREET, opposite Public Garden.
45 GREEN STREET, and 56 MAIN STREET, Charlestown.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 15.

The prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah should be read in connection with the historical books of Ezra and Nehemiah, for these prophets were specially commissioned to encourage the people to rebuild the temple and the city. After the foundation of the temple was laid, as we learned in last lesson, enemies hindered the work, and it ceased until the second year of Darius, where our present lesson begins (Ez. iv. 34).

secretly hidden (Ps. l. 1-4; Isa. xvi, 19-20; Luke xxi, 30; Rev. iii, 10). Then will a throne against Christ be destroyed and He shall reign forever.

Continued from 1st page.

Boat Club house to witness the bowling game between the Vespers of Lowell

W. Holt, principal of Cotting Hill school, made a ringing speech full of

LEXINGTON

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., in which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

—The annual meeting of the Baptist Corporation will be held this evening, January 18, in Hunt Hall. The meeting was to have been held last week, but was postponed owing to the unfavorable weather.

—An important meeting of the O'Beirly Club was held last week at I. Tilton's. A new set of plans were presented by an architect which were favorably passed on by the representatives of the club present, and it is so that the plans can be used on an open up a club house within the limit and expenditure on such a structure and that will be every way suitable and satisfactory.

Littell's living age. v. 194.

On North of Dr. John C. Smith, Sr., and
overlooked with it. With the help of
a good deal of good. The Thompson, Ma-